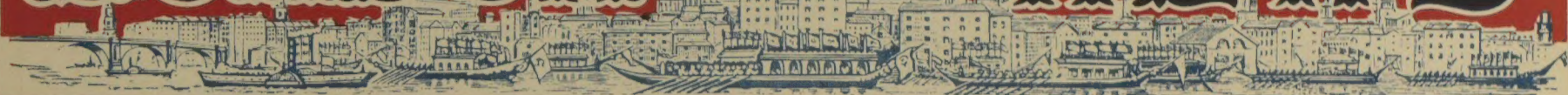


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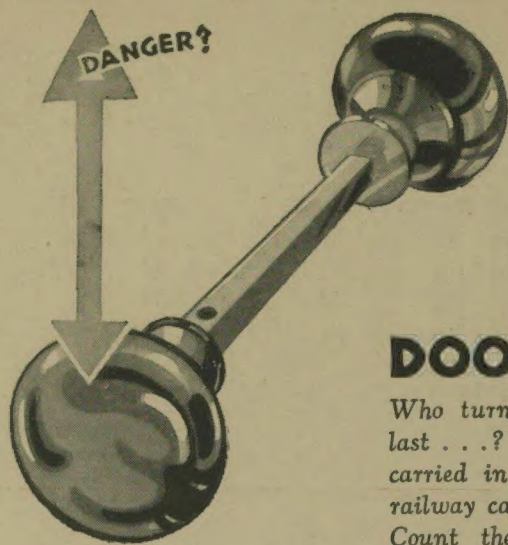
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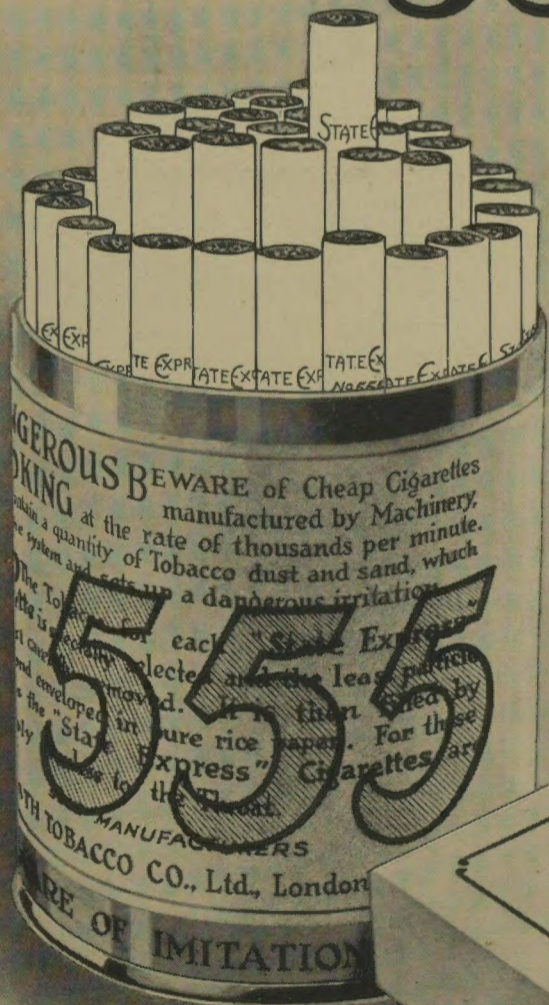
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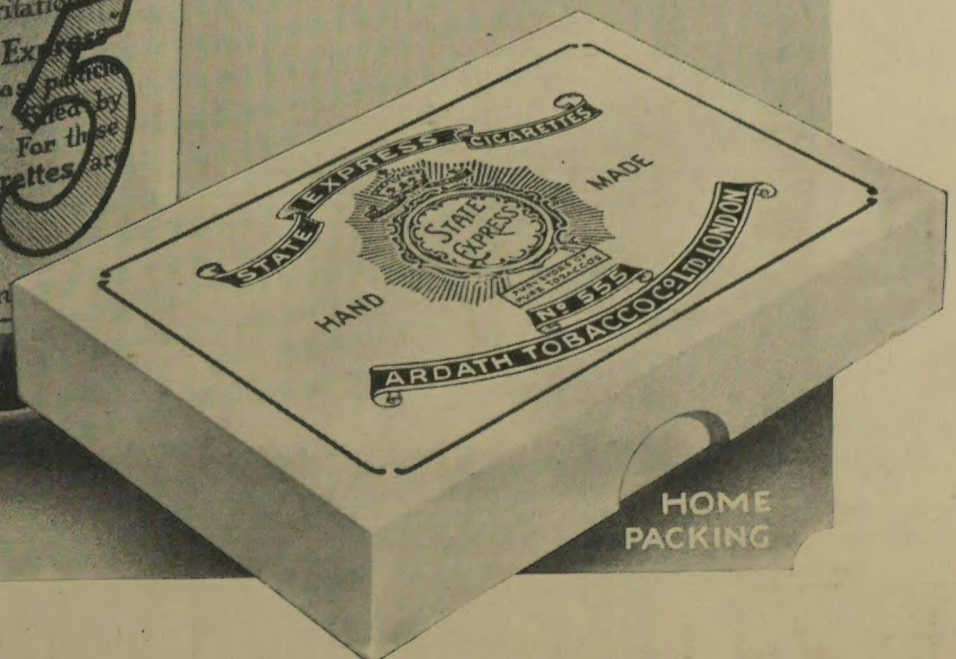
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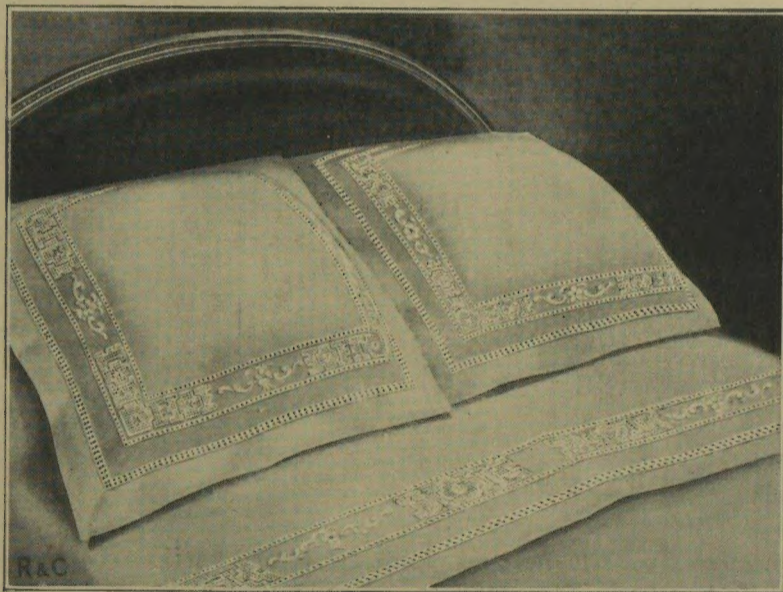
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And "Wee Angus" observes with a grudging respect
That she lights an Abdulla—like all the Elect.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1928.

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SAID TO HAVE FETCHED THE RECORD PRICE OF £175,000: A "MADONNA" BY RAPHAEL.

It was announced recently that Sir Joseph Duveen had bought from Lady Desborough, who inherited the late Earl Cowper's famous art collection at Panshanger, the second and only remaining example of Raphael which it contained, known as the "Madonna" of 1508. The price paid was not officially stated, but a report from New York gave it as £175,000, the largest sum ever given

for a single picture. The next highest was given some years ago for Gainsborough's "Blue Boy," reported to have realised over £150,000. The Cowper "Madonna," which is on a panel measuring 30½ by 22 inches, was purchased from the Corsini Palace, Florence, at the end of the eighteenth century by George Nassau, third Earl Cowper, who brought it away in the lining of his coach.

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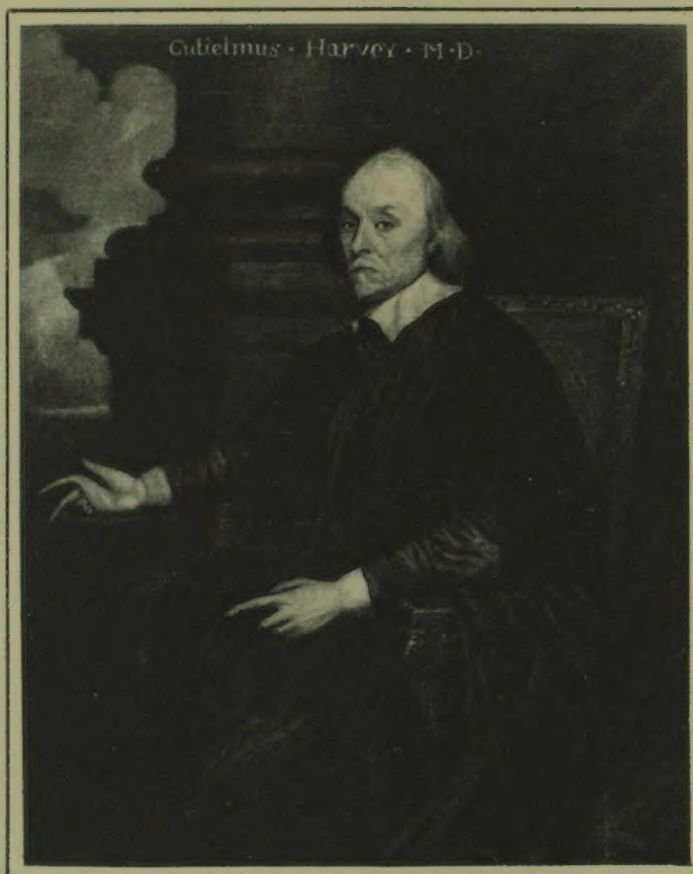


By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE so often disputed with Mr. Bernard Shaw about truths that I certainly will not dispute with him about tastes. In his recent remarks about Waterloo Bridge and other matters, I salute, as a memory of the brave days of old, his refreshing and confident manner of stating entirely private feelings as if they were public facts. But I do not think the veteran of so many glorious campaigns should fight his Waterloo on Waterloo Bridge. I do not think that question is worthy to provoke a resumption of hostilities; nor, indeed, am I myself very much concerned about it. The argument that Waterloo Bridge blocks up the vista of the Thames, and pleases only those who cannot appreciate a noble river, is obviously one which opens a vista almost equally infinite and sublime. It might well be urged that the Parthenon, seen from a certain angle, obscures part of the beautiful outline of the Attic mountains, or that Rouen Cathedral can sometimes get in the way of a traveller wanting to watch the picturesque traffic of the Seine. It all comes back to the question of whether we like the look of the temple or the cathedral or the bridge; and in the last case there seems nothing to be said except that some do and some do not, and among the latter is Mr. Bernard Shaw. But until we all live in glass houses, and every cathedral is built like a transcendently transparent Crystal Palace, the argument about obstruction as such can be used against architecture as such. Perhaps it is an argument for leaving the Thames alone and never having built London on it at all. There are not a few to whom the suggestion would seem a rather bright and pleasant one.

But another remark of Mr. Shaw in the same connection, about the colour and shape of the petrol-pumps, interests me in a different manner, though, again, not specially in the manner of controversy. He defends these things as if they were frankly fantastic, comparing the forms to those which Dicky Doyle scrawled all over the cover of *Punch* and the colours to those of the Queen of Diamonds or the other court cards. Now, that is an artistic mood that I understand very well, though I would not indulge my own mood so as to disfigure and destroy the much more normal and mellow mood of the green fields and the countryside. I have written of a hideous red pillar-box as a sort of friendly goblin gaping for letters; but I should not like to have a line of red pillar-boxes, at short intervals like posts, running right across Salisbury Plain and killing the grey colours around Stonehenge. I have even put a poem into the mouth of a lamp-post, if a lamp-post can be said to have a mouth. But I should not like to see the little pine wood at the corner of the road turned into a small forest of lamp-posts. And even a defence of the petrol-pumps as freaks is obviously somewhat weakened by the fact that they are not really freakish—in origin, in motive, or in distribution. They are stuck up in a stiff row, by men so mechanical as to be capable of continuing the row interminably like a paling until told to stop. A curious sign-board, an odd object hung outside an old house, can really be freakish, because it is really the record of a freak. Somebody probably did it by himself to please himself, and was in the old Greek sense a poet—that is, a maker. But if Mr. Bernard Shaw and I can see a wild poetry in petrol-pumps, it is we who bring the poetry. The actual motive for making the things, and making them in that shape, was purely commercial, and was part of a commercialism and capitalism which Mr. Shaw would by no means admire in all its aspects. And as for the colour, he may like to

look at it, but it was not made for people who like to look at it. On the contrary, it was deliberately made for people who refuse to look at anything. It was invented solely for the sake of men so blind with dust and speed that they will not stop for anything, except a red-hot iron stuck into their eye.



THE TERCENTENARY OF HARVEY'S ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD: WILLIAM HARVEY, M.D. (1578-1657), WHOSE GREAT BOOK, "DE MOTU CORDIS," APPEARED IN 1628.

In 1628 William Harvey first made known to the world his discovery of the circulation of the blood, the starting-point of modern medicine. The great announcement was made in a little book of fifty-two pages, written in Latin, and entitled "An Anatomical Dissertation concerning the Motion of the Heart and Blood in Animals." It is known briefly as "De Motu Cordis." A volume of Harvey's manuscript notes for lectures at the Royal College of Physicians in 1615-16 shows that he was then already teaching the facts of his discovery, though he did not publish it till twelve years later. To honour the tercentenary of the work, the Royal College of Physicians arranged international celebrations, in which the Royal Society, Caius College, Cambridge, and Merton College, Oxford, have participated. The delegates, who came from all parts of the world, were received by the King at Buckingham Palace on May 14.

From the Portrait by Cornelius Jansen in the Possession of the Royal College of Physicians.

NOTICE TO AMERICAN FIRMS.

IT has been brought to our notice that a certain individual has been seeking to obtain money from several Firms in the United States of America on the ground that he represents "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," and that he has been authorised by that paper to insert portraits and articles dealing with these American Firms, with a view to a certain number of copies containing such portraits and articles being purchased for cash in advance. We may state that any such arrangement is entirely contrary to the policy of a paper of the high standing of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS." All persons claiming to represent "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" for this purpose should be discredited. Herewith we give warning that no one should be accepted as acting for "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" who does not possess the fullest credentials signed by the Managing Director or the Editor-in-Chief. For the purposes of reference, we may state that the names of the Managing Director and Editor-in-Chief are, respectively—G. J. MADDICK and BRUCE S. INGRAM.

I am not undervaluing the errant fancy that finds beauty in these things; as I say, I am very fond of it myself. But if we are seriously judging a system of production, we must at least admit that the beauties are by-products. I quite agree that they are sometimes, though hardly in this case, very beautiful by-products. To my mind, by far the best thing that motoring ever produced, and the nearest

to a complete justification of its existence among civilised people, is the large splash of petrol that is left in the middle of the road. There is no doubt whatever about that being beautiful, considered in itself, burning with all the dyes of the most gorgeous enamel. I often stand in the middle of the road gazing at it in a sort of ecstasy, until abruptly reminded of other aspects of the motoring question. But in my most visionary trance I should not go so far as to say that motors run up and down the roads solely in order to spill these patches of splendour. And if we interpret a mechanical progress in the light of that splendour, or in a mood coloured by those colours, we shall probably miscalculate its future action—just as I, standing staring at the pool of colour, so nearly miscalculated my relation to an approaching car. Of course, there are other secondary suggestions, which might be thrown out to correct Mr. Shaw's suggestion. There is, for instance, the question of size, which makes a great deal of difference to the function of the fancy. If all the little figures of Dicky Doyle that dance over the decorative cover of *Punch* were all reproduced in colossal groups of statuary in front of the new County Council buildings and overlooking the vista of the noble river, even a Fabian might protest against such expenditure of public money. And though the artistic instinct of our fathers made playing cards very bright, it also made them very small. There is no saying for certain in these Futurist days, but I fancy if the average card-player found his front door decorated in the exact manner of the Queen of Diamonds he would still be a little surprised. Upon this point, however, I do not so specially insist; but I do insist that it is necessary to distinguish between the fancies which fanciful people can see even in mechanical forms as a suggestion of strange elements in life, and the totally different conditions in which large numbers of people are really expressing their own fancies for themselves. For upon that distinction depends another question, which seems to me much more important than petrol-pumps or Waterloo Bridge.

It seems to me that the one great mark of the modern—or rather, perhaps, the recent—civilisation is the loss of a certain kind of creative courage. All its recent airs of impudence, of daring and dashing Futurism, do not make up for the loss of that courage. It might be called the courage to call up spirits, to appeal to the gods or to the saints. Its practical effect was to make a story out of the material around it, however slight or momentary the suggestion of the story might be. Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that Mr. Shaw is right in feeling a petrol-pump to be like an elfin figure by Dicky Doyle. In older and simpler times, it would have been an elfin figure, done as deliberately as one by Dicky Doyle. Let us suppose that I suggested the same truth in comparing the opening of a pillar-box to the mouth of a goblin. Well, when the mediæval craftsman had to make the opening of an ordinary dirty gutter, he made it as the mouth of a goblin. The same imaginative instinct can be seen in thousands of things, of every artistic period except our own. It can be seen in water roaring out of the throats of lions or blown from the horns and nostrils of tritons and goggling fish; it can be seen in the carving of lamps quite as useful as our lamp-posts; in the carving of vessels for the pouring of oil as practical as ours for the pumping of oil. But to-day it is, at best, the poet who looks at the painted pump who sees it as poetic, not the painter who paints it. When we solve that problem, we shall have touched the true evil of our time.

THE NEW GERMAN GIRL: AN ATHLETE BENT ON PHYSICAL CULTURE.



GYMNASTICS IN A GERMAN POST OFFICE: A GROUP OF TELEPHONE OPERATORS IN BERLIN ENGAGED IN PHYSICAL EXERCISES DURING AN INTERVAL OF BUSINESS—AN EXAMPLE OF THE PRESENT VOGUE FOR ATHLETICS AMONG THE YOUNGER WOMEN OF GERMANY.



YOUNG WOMEN OF BERLIN INTENT ON KEEPING SLIM: A MEAL AT THE "KALORIDORADO" CAFÉ, THE FIRST SCIENTIFICALLY EQUIPPED RESTAURANT FOR SUPPLYING DECOLORISED FOOD OF WHICH WOMEN CAN EAT ANY QUANTITY—(INSET) ABSORBING THE NEW FORM OF NUTRIENT THROUGH A GLASS TUBE.

The German girl of to-day is intent on physical culture. Her main object in life is the development of strength and suppleness. No longer does she spend her spare time at concerts and art exhibitions; all her energies are devoted to open-air pursuits—week-ends in the country, walking tours, sun cures, and various forms of athletics. Even her married sisters share in these recreations. In Berlin, now that spring has arrived, picnic parties are the order of the day, bound for the woods or bathing places within easy reach of the city. Girls hatless and barelegged, with packs on their shoulders, may be seen making for some rural spot where they can be still more free-and-easy in their attire, and enjoy running, jumping, or bathing, or physical exercises accompanied by the strains of a gramophone. Even during office hours the vogue of athletics is apparent, and, as shown in one of our illustrations, telephone girls at a Berlin Post Office, during an interval of work, engage in gymnastic exercises. In the matter of diet, also, German girls are taking care to cultivate a slim and supple figure.





THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE ILLS THAT CATERPILLAR FLESH IS HEIR TO.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

MOST of us, in talking of life or when moralising on its fleeting character, are thinking only in terms of human life; but that subtle something which we call "the Breath of Life" manifests itself in myriad forms, in bodies too small to be visible even under the most powerful microscope and in bodies gigantic; in bodies of rare beauty and in bodies which are repulsive. And we are to remember that plants as well as animals are living bodies. Indeed, when we come to study the more lovely forms, we find it sometimes impossible to decide whether we are considering a plant or an animal.

No more profoundly impressive theme can be found than this kaleidoscope of life. For, apart from the consideration of the character of the several entities, large or small, plant or animal, which share this essence, we have to consider the means by which it is sustained. Living things pervade earth, air, and water. Such as are of the vegetable kingdom can convert non-living matter into living tissue; and this process of conversion we call "feeding." It is essential to existence. It is the only means of replacing tissue dissipated by use in the performance of its functions. In the animal kingdom this food has to be furnished either by other living bodies or bodies which have ceased to live.

Such being the conditions of life, we can see a little more clearly how some of its less agreeable aspects have come into being. We are, perhaps, a little embarrassed when asked to express an opinion on the "morality" of the tiger; but when we seek lower in the scale we find matters worse rather than better. That is to say, if we insist, as many do, on postulating in the more lowly creatures a sense of pain, physical and mental, equal to our own. This is mere foolishness.

Let me take one or two instances of this perpetual internecine warfare, which no League of Nations can stop. In the adjoining photograph (Fig. 3) will be seen the bodies of four caterpillars, attached, apparently, to long crooked stalks. Held in the hand they seem, both to the eye and to the touch, to be models wrought rather curiously out of some very light kind of wood. Nevertheless, they are—or rather, were—living caterpillars, turned not, as was the fate of Lot's

wife, into a pillar of salt, but each into a pillar of wood. And this as a result of what we call "disease."

The agent of that disease was another living body belonging to that lowly group of plants which we call the fungi. They multiply by means of excessively small bodies known as "spores," which, when mature, are diffused into the air. Some can live only if entrance can be found into another living body. Yet each must have its own host, and in the case now under consideration this host is a caterpillar. The spores find entrance into the victim's body through the spiracles, or breathing spores, and, having entered, begin to grow, feeding upon the living tissues by which they are surrounded.

As its vitality wanes, the stricken creature leaves its food-plant and burrows into the earth, obeying the instinct to bury before pupation. And here the final stages in the development of the parasite take place, ending in the formation of a long stalk which may project above ground as much as four inches. Upon this stalk the spores for the new generation are developed. They may be observed as thickenings of the stalks in two of the caterpillars in Fig. 3.

Caterpillars thus infested by the genus *Sphaerea* have been found in New Zealand, Australia, and China, where these transformed bodies are used as a medicinal drug. Caterpillars are also attacked by another species of *Sphaerea*, and this produces a series of branches recalling the antlers of a deer, as may be seen in Fig. 2. The thickenings on the stems mark the position of the spore-bearing area of the stem. Here, as with the other caterpillars, the body comes finally to assume the semblance of a piece of wood.

The caterpillars of our own Cabbage-white butterfly are sometimes attacked by a fungus belonging to the *Entomophthorææ*, near relations of the *Peronosporææ*, which have just been described. But, though the mode of attack is the same, the results are different; for here the fungus, having pervaded the tissues, forces its way out again, and invests the victim in a kind of flocculent felt. Two stages in the progress of the disease are shown in Fig. 1; while above is shown a highly magnified portion of the threads forming this "felt," the spores being borne at the tips of the threads.

The common house-fly, in the autumn, may often be found dead, clinging to the window-pane, and covered with a sort of white velvet-pile. This is formed by *Empusa muscæ*. The white circle on the window around the body is formed by spores which have been set free, and which in due course will be blown about till, haply,

they will find other victims. In the West Indies it is no uncommon thing to see wasps of the genus *Polistes* flying about with a long train of these deadly threads trailing behind them. The end is certain death to the wasp.

A species of the genus *Peziza* gives rise to the disease known as "muscardine," which a few years ago wrought such havoc among silk-worms just when they were ready to enter the chrysalis stage. Entering by the air tubes, the spores soon developed threads which blocked the whole tracheal system, and then extended to the fatty tissue beneath the skin, stored there as a reservoir of food during the chrysalis stage, which, in consequence, was never attained. One of the triumphs of Pasteur was the discovery of the nature of this disease, and as soon as this was understood, the silkworm cultivators were able to take preventive measures.

Finally, mention must be made of the *Saprolegniææ*, another group related to the *Peronosporææ*. And this because one species, *Saprolegnia ferax*, gives rise to the well-known salmon disease, the fungus living on the living tissues of the fish. The *Peronosporææ* include a bewildering number of species, some of which are parasitic

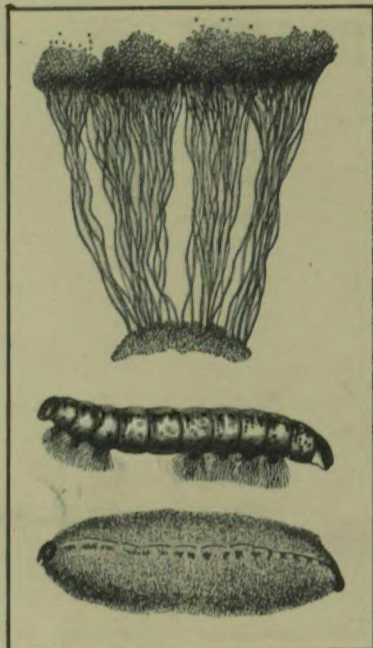


FIG. 1. A FUNGUS PARASITE THAT INVESTS ITS VICTIMS IN "FLOCCULENT FELT": (ABOVE) THE THREADS HIGHLY MAGNIFIED; (CENTRE) THE CABBAGE-WHITE BUTTERFLY CATERPILLAR WITH "FUR" FORMING ON THE LEGS; (BELOW) THE CATERPILLAR COMPLETELY ENVELOPED.

The caterpillar of the Cabbage-white butterfly is attacked by a fungus which makes its first appearance, externally, in the form of a sort of white fur around the legs; gradually increasing till the whole body is enveloped, so that only the middle of the back is exposed. Above is a highly magnified figure of this outgrowth, the threads being surmounted by the spore-bearing capsules.

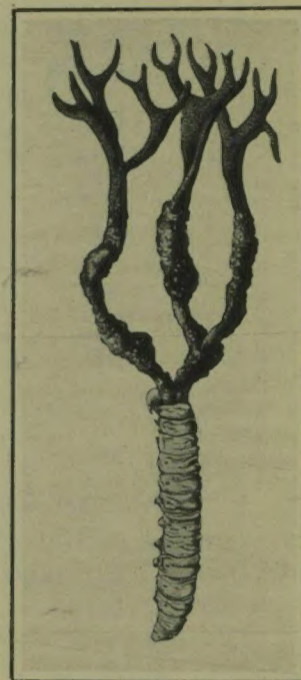


FIG. 2. A CATERPILLAR WITH DEER-LIKE ANTLERS, WHICH HAVE BEEN DEVELOPED BY A FUNGUS PARASITE, AND ITS BODY TURNED INTO "WOOD": THE RESULT OF AN ATTACK BY A SPECIES OF *SPHÆREA*.

Here we see a "vegetable" caterpillar attacked by *Sphaerea* (*Cordyceps taylori*) which develops branching stems. A nearly related species, with a similar habit of growth, attacks the stumps of trees. The body of this caterpillar, as with those in Fig. 3, has been converted into woody tissue. The thickenings on the stems of the "antlers" are spore-bearing areas.

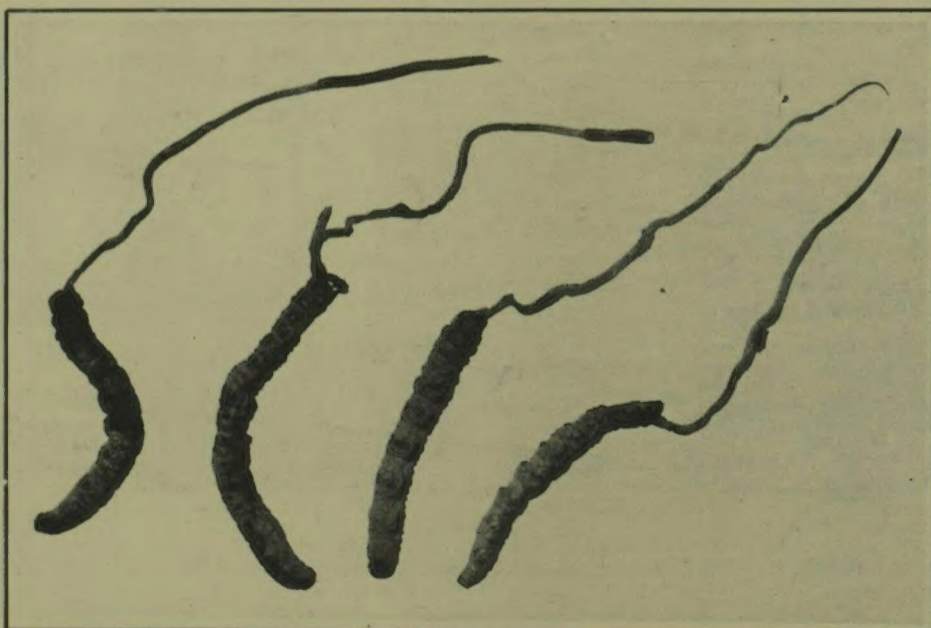


FIG. 3. CATERPILLARS FATED LIKE LOT'S WIFE, THOUGH TURNED, NOT INTO SALT, BUT WOOD: NEW ZEALAND SPECIMENS AFFLICTED WITH A PARASITIC FUNGUS GROWING OUT OF THEIR BODIES AND PROTRUDING ABOVE THE GROUND AFTER THEY HAVE BURROWED IN THE EARTH.

These four "vegetable" caterpillars from Mount Egmont, New Zealand, were found a few inches below the surface of the ground, but with their stalks projecting about four inches. The thickening at the end of the stalk in two of the figures answers to the flower stalk of the higher plants.

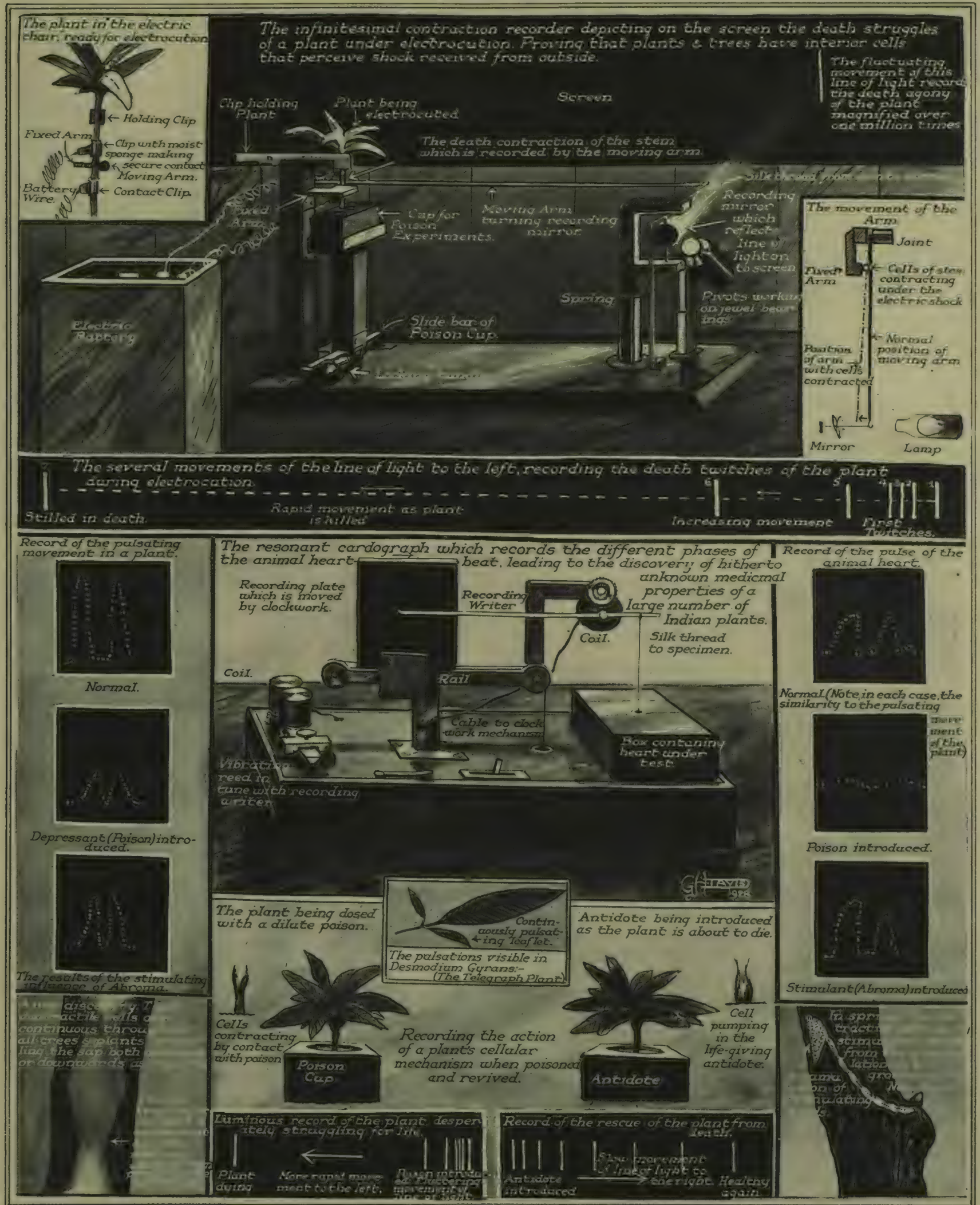
From a Photograph by the Rev. J. E. Rockliff, F.R.G.S.

on animals, as in the cases of the caterpillars and flies just described; others on plants, causing the diseases known as potato-blight, ergot of rye, and vine-mildew. Yet they are not all "pestiferous," for the truffles, which afford so toothsome a dish to the gourmet, are harmless species.

The ravages of others are all too plain on our noblest forest-trees, forming great projecting ledges up and down their trunks, and sending their roots deep down into the tissues of the wood. The complete life-history of these fungi is immensely interesting, yet it cannot be told here, because it bristles with technicalities and frightful names, familiar only to the specialist. But enough has probably been said to bring home the wondrous way in which these nearly related types of fungi have adapted themselves to conditions extremely different. How this plasticity has come about we by no means well understand. Bearing this in mind, those who are seeking fresh fields to conquer may take heart of grace. "There are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy"!

A PLANT IN THE "ELECTRIC CHAIR": NEW AIDS TO THE PHARMACOPŒIA.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED, IN A SPECIAL INTERVIEW, BY SIR JAGADIS C. BOSE, C.S.I., F.R.S., DIRECTOR OF THE BOSE RESEARCH INSTITUTE, CALCUTTA.



REMARKABLE EXPERIMENTS IN THE MOTOR MECHANISM OF PLANTS: RECORDING RESULTS OF ELECTROCUTION, SAP MOVEMENTS, PLANT PULSATIONS AND ANIMAL HEART-BEATS, AND EFFECTS OF POISONS AND ANTIDOTES.

Sir J. C. Bose, the eminent Indian scientist, in a recent lecture at the University of London, revealed his new discoveries in the structure of plants and trees. He has established the great generalisation of identical nature of physiological mechanism in all life. To discover that the cells inside a tree or plant perceive a shock received from the outside, he has produced some wonderful instruments which record movements that are beyond the powers of the microscope. The movement of each cell of the contractile *pulvinus* of the plant being electrocuted, which is recorded on the screen, is but the fifty-thousandth part of an inch. A single line of light moving across a darkened screen vividly depicts the shuddering convulsions of the plant under electrocution till it dies. In an animal

certain tissues, as the heart, whose peristaltic action propels the blood, pulsate spontaneously. The Resonant Cardiograph records different phases of the heart beat, without any "shocks" from the human experimenter, by a device known as the Vibrating Reed. The records show the similarity of effect of poison and antidote on plant and animal. These experiments have shown that many Indian plants (including *Abroma*) have medicinal properties hitherto unknown. No doubt these discoveries will lead to a new pharmacopœia for the relief of humanity. Sir J. C. Bose has proved that contractile cells are continuous throughout a tree, and sap is propelled by them in any direction. Contraction of the cell squeezes sap into the next cell, which passes the movement on, cell after cell.

JAPANESE LANDSCAPE GARDENS: THE TSUKI-YAMA AND HIRA-NIWA.

FROM "THE GARDENS OF JAPAN." BY JIRO HARADA, OF THE IMPERIAL HOUSEHOLD MUSEUM, TOKYO (SPRING NUMBER OF THE "STUDIO"). BY COURTESY OF THE "STUDIO," LTD.



1. A GENERAL KEY TO JAPANESE LANDSCAPE GARDEN DESIGN: I. GUARDIAN STONE; II. SMALL HILL FOR CASCADE; III. SIDE MOUNTAIN; IV. SAND-BLOWN BEACH; V. NEAR MOUNTAIN; VI. DISTANT MOUNTAIN; VII. MIDDLE MOUNTAIN; VIII. MOUNTAIN SPUR; IX. CENTRAL ISLAND; X. WORSHIPPING STONE; XI. MASTER'S ISLAND; XII. GUEST'S ISLAND; XIII. LAKE OUTLET; XIV. CASCADE MOUTH; XV. LAKE; XVI. BROAD BEACH.



2. THE GYO (INTERMEDIATE) STYLE OF JAPANESE HILL GARDEN: I. "GUARDIAN STONE"; II. "CLIFF STONE"; III. AND IV. "CASCADE STONES"; V. "WATER TRAY STONE"; VI. ABBREVIATION OF HILL 'D,' IN SHIN STYLE; VII. "BRIDGE-EDGE STONE"; VIII. "SEAT OF HONOUR STONE"; IX. "PERFECT VIEW STONE," OR "STONE OF TWO DEITIES"; X. "WORSHIPPING STONE"; XI. "CAVE STONE"; XII. "MOON SHADOW STONE"; XIII. STONE LANTERN OF "SNOW-VIEWING" STYLE; XIV. STONE LANTERN OF "KASUGA" STYLE.



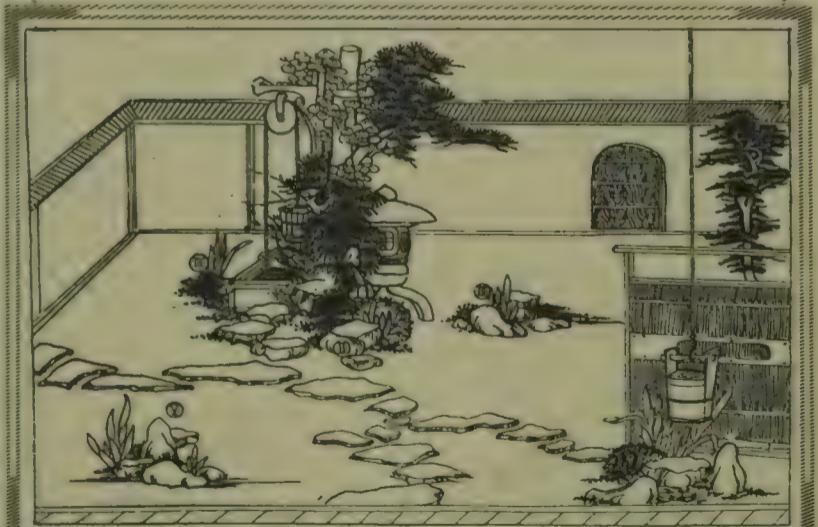
3. THE SO (ABBREVIATED) STYLE OF HILL GARDEN: I. "GUARDIAN STONE"; II. "WAITING STONE"; III. "HILL STONE"; IV. "WORSHIPPING STONE"; V. "EVENING SUN STONE"; VI. "MOON SHADOW STONE"; VII. "SEAT OF HONOUR STONE."



4. THE SHIN (ELABORATE) STYLE OF FLAT GARDEN: I. "GUARDIAN STONE"; II. "SEAT OF HONOUR STONE"; III. "HILL STONE"; IV. "PERFECT VIEW STONE"; V. "MOON SHADOW STONE"; VI. "PARTING STONE"; VII. "LABEL STONES"; VIII. GARDEN WELL; IX. "WORSHIPPING STONE"; X. FENCE; XI. "TREE OF EVENING SUN"; XII. "TREE OF SOLITUDE"; XIII. "STONE OF TWO DEITIES"; XIV. "SOLITUDE STONE"; XV. STONE WATER BASIN; XVI. "ISLAND STONE."



5. THE GYO (INTERMEDIATE) STYLE OF FLAT GARDEN: I. "GUARDIAN STONE"; II. "HILL STONE"; III. "MOON SHADOW STONE"; IV. "WORSHIPPING STONE"; V. "CAVE STONE"; VI. GARDEN WELL; VII. "SOLITUDE STONE"; VIII. "PEDESTAL STONE"; IX. "LABEL STONES"; X. "STONE OF TWO DEITIES"; XI. "SEAT OF HONOUR STONE."



6. THE SO (ABBREVIATED) STYLE OF FLAT GARDEN: I. "GUARDIAN STONE"; II. "WORSHIPPING STONE"; III. "PERFECT VIEW STONE"; IV. GARDEN WELL; V. "STONE OF TWO DEITIES."

"All important books on our gardens published since the fifteenth century," writes Mr. Jiro Harada, "contain such a drawing as here illustrated (No. 1) showing the fundamental principle guiding the lay-out of a hill-garden. . . . The waterfall is placed apart from the 'guardian rock,' but the two have been brought together later, as may be seen in our illustrations (Nos. 2 to 6) of different types of gardens taken from 'Tsuki-yama Teizo Den,' a well-known book on gardens published in the Bunsei era (1818-30). Gardens of Nippon have long been classified, according to the character of the ground, into two general types—*tsuki-yama* (artificial hills) and *hira-niwa* (level gardens), vicissitudes during the past 1000 years having developed some special features in each. The former consists of hills and ponds, while the latter treats of a flat

piece of ground to represent generally a valley or a moor. . . . As in calligraphy, painting, flower-arranging, and other branches of Oriental art, the *tsuki-yama* type, as well as *hira-niwa*, has been rendered in three forms of *shin*, *gyo*, and *so*. Applied to gardening, the differentiation comes chiefly from the degree of elaboration, the *shin* being the most elaborate, the *gyo* intermediate, and the *so* abbreviated. As may be seen from the accompanying illustrations, *shin* signifies the formal aspect of treatment, *gyo* the semi-formal, and *so* the informal. The first represents the garden 'in the stately costume of the ballroom, the second in the easy elegance of afternoon dress, and the third in the charming *déshabillé* of the boudoir.' . . . One may conceive an infinite number of stages of abbreviation between *shin* and *gyo* and *gyo* and *so*."

THE WORLD OF WOMEN:

A PAGE OF PERSONALITIES.



AT WESTONBIRT, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, THE NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR GIRLS: MRS. HOUISON-CRAUFURD, THE HEADMISTRESS (SEATED IN CENTRE, WEARING A HAT) WITH MISTRESSES AND PUPILS IN RESIDENCE AT THE TIME OF THE OPENING.

The Duchess of Beaufort opened the new school on May 11. Particular interest was taken in the appointment of Mrs. Houison-Craufurd, wife of Brigadier-General J. A. Houison-Craufurd,

as Headmistress, for she is without scholastic experience, although she has a very wide knowledge of the modern girl and organised the Girl Guide movement in Scotland.



ENGLAND—THE WINNERS OF THE LADIES' INTERNATIONAL GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

At the back (from left to right) are Miss J. Winn (Res.), Miss D. R. Fowler, Mrs. P. Garon, Miss A. Croft (Res.), Miss D. Pearson, Mrs. Latham Hall, and Miss J. Fowler. In front are Miss E. Wilson, Mrs. H. Guedalla, Miss C. Leitch, and Miss M. Gourlay.



SCOTLAND—PLAYERS IN THE LADIES' INTERNATIONAL GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

At the back (from left to right) are Mrs. Mellis (Res.), Miss K. Macdonald, Mrs. W. Greenlees, Miss K. M. Cochrane, Miss C. Montgomery, and Miss M. Couper (Res.). In front are Miss H. C. Cameron, Miss J. Gow, Miss B. Inglis, Mrs. Campbell Hurd, and Mrs. H. Percy.



IRELAND—PLAYERS IN THE LADIES' INTERNATIONAL GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

At the back (from left to right) are Miss Coote, Miss D. Ferguson, Miss Wardell (Res.), Miss P. Jameson, and Mrs. Clarke. In front are Mrs. Walker, Miss J. Jackson, Mrs. Dwyer, Mrs. Madill, Miss D. Miller.



MAKERS OF THE "HONEYMOON" FLIGHT FROM CAPE TOWN TO CROYDON: FLIGHT-LIEUT. R. R. BENTLEY AND HIS WIFE.

Mr. Bentley is the first pilot to make the double journey from England to the Cape and back in a light aeroplane.

LADY DESBOROUGH
Has sold Raphael's famous "Madonna and Child" (called "The Cowper Madonna of 1508," or "The Niccolini Madonna") to Sir Joseph Duveen for, it is said, £175,000.



LADY HEATH.
But for delays caused by lack of the stipulated escort for her flight along the North African coast, might have been the first person to fly from South Africa to England in a light aeroplane.

WALES—PLAYERS IN THE LADIES' INTERNATIONAL GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

At back: Miss C. E. Irvine (Res.), Mrs. Rieben, Miss J. Jeffreys, Miss G. Griffith, Miss Selkirk, Mrs. Chard. Front: Miss B. Pyman, Mrs. J. Duncan, Mrs. Phillips (Res.), Miss Dampney, Mrs. Hurst.



A ROYAL ARTIST AND A ROYAL VISITOR TO ENGLAND: LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY AND PRINCESS INGRID OF SWEDEN (RIGHT).

Lady Patricia's paintings are to be seen at the Goupil Gallery. Princess Ingrid is here with her father.



THE BOY KING MICHAEL AT BUCHAREST ON RUMANIA'S FÊTE-DAY—WITH HIS GRANDMOTHER, HIS MOTHER, AND AN AUNT: HIS MAJESTY WITH QUEEN MAJESTY OF RUMANIA, PRINCESS HELENE, AND QUEEN ELIZABETH OF GREECE.

The "Griffin" and the "Middle Ages in Sepia."

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE INDIA WE SERVED." By SIR WALTER R. LAWRENCE, Bt.*

(PUBLISHED BY CASSELL.)

WHEN the young Lawrence, most guileless of "griffins," naïveté of newcomers, arrived in India at the end of '79, he reached Lahore "without a friend and without a blanket," shivering in the flimsy garments of an ignorantly chosen outfit, and with his purse as cold as his body.

He had everything to learn, but, as the actors have it, he was a quick study, and he was soon playing the part which led to his star-dom.

The first instructive shock came to him in Bombay. An Indian friend of an Indian friend at Balliol entertained him. "I was to leave the next evening for the Punjab," he recalls. "In the morning my friend brought me a fine Arab horse and we rode out to a race-course, and in the afternoon he again drove me round the town. We passed a sports club, where the English were playing lawn-tennis. I suggested that we should go in, but he said: 'You can go in. I cannot.' 'Why not?' I asked. 'Because I am an Indian.' We drove on, and when we reached his house we talked. He said at the end: 'You seem to know very little about India. In two years' time you will know why we cannot go into your clubs, and I doubt whether you will even remember my name. You will certainly not dine with me and talk to my friends as we talked yesterday.' Lawrence protested; but he came to understand and to realise the restrictions dependent not only upon colour, but upon caste: the one a matter of pigment; the other a matter of prejudice.

The line was drawn firmly in those days; and the justice of the West worked with the law of the East. Was there not a Ghāzi, a Moslem fanatic stabbing his way to Paradise, hanged with a pigskin round his shoulders? "Hanging in itself was sufficient to make paradise very uncertain, but the pigskin closed the door of hope." And was there not the Political Officer of a broiling district who was renowned for the number of suits settled out of Court? The Registrar explained. His chief would say to obstinate litigants:

"You cannot do justice to yourselves in this murky Court; go into the fresh air and sit on the roof," and he would add in a sharp voice: "No water must be carried on to the roof." In an hour he would usually come back to find all disputes composed." A better way than that of an old Amir of Kabul, who cooled the ardour of an over-ambitious police official by having him tied to a stake and saturated with cold water—"in the evening the water froze and the Kotwāl died in ice." Crude, but Oriental and accepted; characteristic of what the writer calls shrewdly "the Middle Ages in sepia."

Hearsay, this last, so far as Lawrence was concerned; but he, too, faced the fantastic, the primitive, and the grotesque—including an elderly pandit in a Kashmiri crowd. "He was standing on his head, but this did not seem to surprise the other petitioners," runs the record. "I told one of my orderlies to bring the agile pandit forward, and asked him the reason of his unseemly attitude. He said that 'thanks to my settlement, his affairs had become so topsy-turvy that he did not know whether he was standing on his head or his heels.' It was a fair hit, and I laughed, and all the crowd laughed, none louder than the elderly pandit." In other words, Lawrence showed sense and sympathy, and proved himself remote from the habits of certain of those dwelling in centres in which "you could not hear your own voice for the grinding of axes!"

And it was with the same sense that he countered and controlled Dacoits, those brigands who outlived the Thags (or Thugs) who "strangled the unwary stranger with a handkerchief, plundered and buried him"; "fashionable" poisoners by *Datura stramonium*, whose seeds madden and kill; conjurers—all incapable of the legendary rope trick—who spat ceremoniously at an image of Atma Ram, divulger of jugglers' secrets; astrologers; Faqirs in livery of ashes, with matted locks and paint-daubed foreheads; men of Bikanir who walked unscathed through flames; a personal follower who "could hold two pieces of toast between his toes with his heel right in the fire"; courtiers who found sitting in silence so tedious that they invented a language of the eyelids, and were such experts in this signalling that one could "flicker" verses from Hafiz. These and many others, from untouchables to proud Princes; from Eurasians who believed that Queen Victoria lived exclusively on tinned food, "an appanage of rank and wealth," to rulers akin to the Rāja of Amber, who, "on accession, is admitted once to see the treasures of the State; but it is said that the monastic soldiers who guard the fort will not even let him see the labyrinth which leads to the chamber. He must be blindfolded. The Rāja never sees the hoard again."

Signs of strife, such wealth; yet a symbol—a symbol as surely as was that pearl-set miniature of the Queen-Empress which Sir Pertab of Jodhpur wore in his turban, praying

only that he might lead his cavalry in a charge on the battle-fields of France and there fall, a soldier and a loyalist to the last. A picture of him at the Front, prefacing the presentation with a point concerning a lesser: "The Indian visitor was quite happy to sit in silence. All he wanted was that his neighbours should know that he had sat a certain time with the Sahib." Sir Walter went with Sir Pertab to call on Sir Douglas Haig. "He was, as usual, very busy," writes the author, "but he received us at once, smiled, and went on writing. Not a word passed. Sir Pertab sat happy, purring like an old tiger, and after



THE INDIAN SUPER-FILM "SHIRAZ": SEETA DEVI AS MUMTAZ WHEN SHE WAS A PEASANT GIRL LITTLE DREAMING THAT SHE WOULD BECOME THE CONSORT OF THE EMPEROR SHAH JEHAN.

By Courtesy of British Instructional Films.

half an hour we left. It was a silent communion. Sir Pertab said, after a long pause, 'Douglas Egg Sahib, he soldier, me soldier, he knowing me not talking.'

The success of the interview was due to Sir Walter's appreciation of psychology; there be Wise Men of the



THE MUMTAZ-UD-DOWLAH OF THE INDIAN FILM "SHIRAZ": SEETA DEVI AS THE PEASANT GIRL WHO BECAME THE CONSORT OF SHAH JEHAN, AND IN WHOSE MEMORY THE TAJ MAHAL WAS SET UP AT AGRA.

By Courtesy of British Instructional Films.

West as well as of the East. Yet the expert confesses that no European can read "the dark book, India," aright, although he hazards a prophecy that, whatever the variations in the binding, its contents will be unaltered. In truth, he would have it so in certain circumstances. "The Council of Princes and other developments are changing in

some respects the outlook and the evolution of the Indian States," he says. "But they will remain for long institutions which rest on personality rather than on regulation, unless, indeed, the turbid waves which are beating on the bar of British India spill over into the happy lagoons of the Indian States. I can conceive a natural union of the States of Rajputāna and Kathiawār, and unions of other Indian States which might stem the flood from British India. But if the two systems must clash, I should prefer to see the system of British India reverting to the type of the Indian State rather than to see the last of real India

submerged in the dead and levelling waters of democracy. Democracy, like most forms and fashions of man, is very much a matter of climate. In the West we praise it, sometimes from the heart, and often from the lips. To make the world safe for democracy we have staggered under a heavy and cruel burden, and it is natural that the English, so pledged to this form of governance, should desire to pass on its boons to the peoples of India. But so few know how different India is, how unlike in temperament, outlook, and experience. There are certain essentials to happy stability in the East, among them continuity and cohesion. Democracy does not always assure these, even in the cool and practical countries of the West. We look too much from Western windows, and ignore the strange, strong Eastern light."

India is emphatically aristocratic: that is the lesson. "Izzat is as dear to an Indian as life. It means honour, repute, and the world's esteem." Caste may be contemptuous of caste; but it is faithful to its own, levelling neither up nor down.

As to the other problems, they are far from solution. No "collective hypnotism, a kind of *illusion consentie*," will bring the Hindu or the Moslem into accord, or lessen the amazing influence of Brahmanism, a "way of life in itself," a tremendous force: "The Brahmans established themselves as the arbiters of the caste system, aggrandising their own power and social position by keeping the other classes in their proper and lower places."

Later, foreign conquerors from the north-west swooped down on India, but their business was to beat down the men who ruled and fought, and they ignored the real power in the land—the persuasive and persistent Brahman. Unmoved by the imperial splendour of the Mogul, unshaken by the business grip of John Company, and the subsequent triumphs of the British engineers over space and drought, he can afford to watch with quiet indifference political experiments, exotic and of foreign inspiration. All these are for him so many smoke clouds, behind which he quietly works and consolidates."

In the same way, though Britain may aid and order, and must aid and order, only enlightened India herself can combat those superstitions under which women and children—especially female children—still labour. It is well to remember that the Empire is, like its best administrators, not a sprinter, but a long-distance runner! And, equally, it is well to read and re-read: "The sage men of old who founded the great business of John Company were wise, or at any rate prudent, when they left the religions, the customs, and the superstitions severely alone. For these 'sage men saw what some of their successors see, that it would be useless to deal with one strange custom unless prepared to deal with all the customs which jar on the Western susceptibilities. . . . John Company found an industrious, amenable, and docile people, ready to accept, after cycles of misery and misrule, the plain and downright dominance of the white man who came over the black water. But this dominion was acceptable because the principle which guided the new masters was the principle of 'better not': tolerance for all religions, and 'better not' meddle with immemorial custom."

But enough of quotation. Sir Walter speaks of the illusion of infallibility and invulnerability that seems to be the secret of the British Rāj; but he makes it very evident that far more than self-confidence is needed: "We shall never understand the Indians, never gain their sympathy nor win their confidence, while we deal with them on official lines. We shall never get near their hearts while we dismiss with a superior smile the strange beliefs and fancies which mean so much to them and constitute their way of life."

If ever a book were calculated to instruct the uninitiated, it is "The India We Served"; if ever a book were designed to engross as well as to teach, it is "The India We Served." It but remains for those interested in British India and in "the Rājas' Land" to read and to tell others to read this remarkably fascinating record of what Kipling very rightly calls "that wonderful time between the post-Mutiny reconstruction and the coming of the New Age." Then a well-deserved success is assured—and much good may come. Never did expert better expound or entertain.

E. H. G.

* "The India We Served." By Sir Walter Roper Lawrence, Bt., G.C.I.E., G.C.V.O., C.B. With an Introductory Letter by Rudyard Kipling. (Cassell and Co.; 25s. net.)

AN ALL-INDIAN FILM: "SHIRAZ," A STORY OF MUMTAZ, CONSORT OF SHAH JEHAN.



A SCENE TAKEN IN THE PALACE AT JAIPUR: A MOMENT IN THE INDIAN SUPER-FILM, "SHIRAZ," WHOSE STORY IS THAT OF SHAH JEHAN'S BEAUTIFUL CONSORT, IN WHOSE MEMORY HER HUSBAND BUILT THE TAJ MAHAL.



GUARDED BY "AMAZONS" ARMED WITH SWORDS: MUMTAZ-UD-DOWLAH AS PORTRAYED BY THE INDIAN ACTRESS, SEETA DEVI.



SHIRAZ ARRIVES AT THE EMPEROR'S PALACE: THE COMING OF THE DESIGNER OF THE TAJ MAHAL, WHO WAS BLINDED BY HIS MASTER THAT HE MIGHT NEVER EQUAL OR SURPASS HIS SUPERB CREATION.



RIVALS IN THEIR LOVE FOR MUMTAZ IN THE FILM VERSION OF THE STORY OF SHAH JEHAN'S CONSORT: SHIRAZ AND SHAH JEHAN IN THE PALACE OF THE EMPEROR.



THE EMPEROR AND HIS CONSORT, IN WHOSE MEMORY HE BUILT THE TAJ MAHAL: MUMTAZ AND SHAH JEHAN, AS SEEN IN THE INDIAN SUPER-FILM, "SHIRAZ."

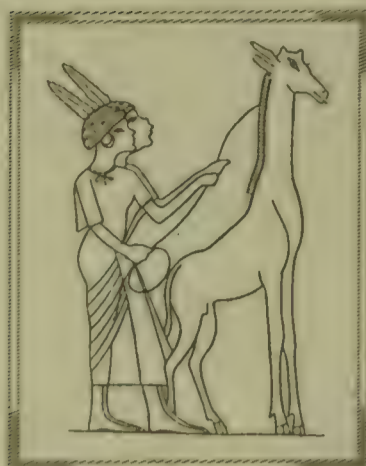
"Shiraz" centres round that superb building, the Taj Mahal at Agra, which was set up by the Emperor Shah Jehan, in 1629-49, as a memorial to his wife, Mumtaz-ud-Dowla; and it tells the life-story of the beautiful consort as written by the Indian author Naranjan Pal. The actual title is the name of the unfortunate Shiraz, who, after designing the great mausoleum at his master's orders, was blinded by the Emperor in order that he might never build anything to

equal it or surpass it. There is a double love interest; for Shiraz also worships Mumtaz. The production was done at Agra and Jaipur; and the various incidents were enacted solely by Indian actors, with Seeta Devi at their head: in fact, the only Europeans concerned were the Director, Herr Franz Osten, his English assistant, Mr. Victor Pears, and the camera-men. The film, which was made with considerable secrecy by British Instructional Films, has just arrived in this country.

BY COURTESY OF BRITISH INSTRUCTIONAL FILMS.

THE GIRAFFE IN ART BEFORE THE DAYS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

REPRODUCED FROM "THE GIRAFFE IN HISTORY AND ART," BY BERTHOLD LAUFER, CURATOR OF ANTHROPOLOGY. BY COURTESY OF THE FIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, CHICAGO.



THE GIRAFFE IN THE ART OF ANCIENT EGYPT: A GROUP FROM THE PRESENTATION OF TRIBUTE TO TUTANKHAMEN, DEPICTED ON THE WALLS OF THE TOMB OF HUY, VICEROY OF NUBIA.

IT is very interesting to compare these representations of that curious creature, the giraffe (the tallest of mammals) in the art of ancient Egypt, and in that of China and Persia in later times, with the modern photographs of living specimens given on the opposite page. An excellent historical account of the animal's pictorial history is given in the American booklet

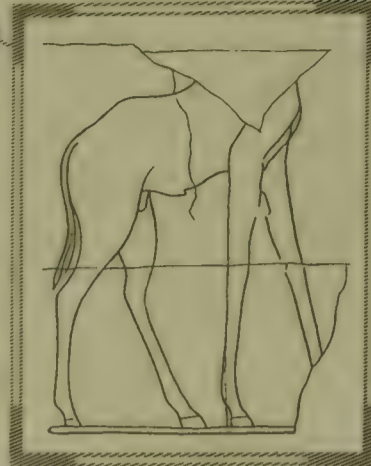
(Continued opposite.)



ANOTHER EXAMPLE FROM THE 18TH DYNASTY PERIOD IN EGYPT: A GIRAFFE WITH A BABOON ON ITS BACK, FROM THE TOMB OF AMUNEZEH.

(Continued.) (named above) from which the illustrations on this page are reproduced. "The Bushmen and the ancient Egyptians," writes Mr. Berthold Laufer, "the Persians, the Chinese, the ancient Romans, and the Italian painters of the Renaissance, furnish interesting contributions." There is not space here to give the author's notes on all these subjects,

(Continued below.)



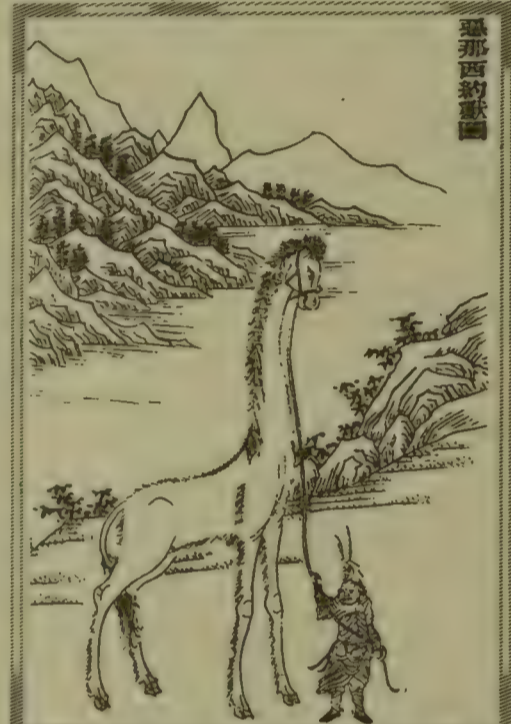
THE GIRAFFE IN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN SCULPTURE: PART OF A RELIEF AT DER-EL-BAHRI RECORDING AN EXPEDITION IN QUEEN HATSHEPSUT'S REIGN. (18TH DYNASTY, C. 1501-1480 B.C.)



A RELIEF ON AN ARCHAIC EGYPTIAN SLATE PALETTE FROM HIERAKONPOLIS: TWO GIRAFFES BROWSING ON A PALM TREE, SURROUNDED BY MOLOSSIAN HOUNDS.



A CHINESE PAINTING FROM SI-AN-FU, DATED 1485: A GIRAFFE (OR KILIN) DESCRIBED IN VERSE AS HAVING "THE TAIL OF AN OX AND THE BODY OF A DEER" AND "WALKING THROUGH THE WILDERNESS."



AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CHINESE WOODCUT, OF 1726: A DRAWING BY A JESUIT MISSIONARY, F. VERBIEST (1623-88). BASED ON TOPSELL'S "HISTORIE OF FOURE-FOOTED BEASTES" (LONDON, 1607).



DATING FROM THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY, "THE AGE OF IMPORTATION OF GIRAFFES INTO CHINA": A MING PAINTING ON SILK OF A RETICULATED GIRAFFE HELD BY ARABS.



"THE FIRST PRINTED ILLUSTRATION OF A HALF-WAY REALISTIC GIRAFFE," INCORRECTLY SUPPLIED WITH HORNS: A DRAWING FROM "PEREGRINATIONS INTO THE HOLY LAND," BY BREYDENBACH, OF MAYENCE, 1486.



FROM A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY PERSIAN BESTIARY (IN THE PIERPONT MORGAN LIBRARY, NEW YORK): A PAINTING OF A RETICULATED GIRAFFE WITH A COLLAR OF BELLS AND RINGED ANKLES.

(Continued.)

but our readers will doubtless appreciate a few details regarding No. 1, showing a giraffe, guided by two Nubians, forming part of tribute paid to Tutankhamen. The scene is depicted on the walls of the tomb of Huy (Viceroy of Nubia under that King) near Medinet Habu, and Huy appears bringing the tribute of Nubia

to the Pharaoh. "Heraldically arranged palm-trees, with giraffes nibbling at their leaves, are shown in another scene. . . . The walking giraffe amid the tribute-bearers is a very young bull of the Nubian variety. Its immaturity is denoted by the very slight development of the median horn."

THE GIRAFFE AS THE CAMERA SEES HIM: "THE CREATURE GOD FORGOT."



"THE GIRAFFE IS GROTESQUELY CONSPICUOUS AT ALL TIMES: ITS NECK IS RIDICULOUSLY OUT OF PROPORTION TO ITS BODY": A LARGE BULL GIRAFFE IN KENYA.



"THE GIRAFFE ABIDES ON THE OPEN PLAINS AMIDST LIONS AND LEOPARDS . . . IT CANNOT FIGHT, RUN, CRY OUT, OR HIDE TO ESCAPE BLOODTHIRSTY ENEMIES": A BULL GIRAFFE, STANDING 19 FT., IN THE SOUTHERN GAME RESERVE, KENYA.



"SPORTSMEN SELDOM KILL THE GIRAFFE . . . THERE IS NO DANGER AND NO DODGING . . . IT WILL WATCH AS LONG AS IT DARES WHEN THE HUNTER APPROACHES, AND EVEN WHEN IT RUNS IT WILL NOT GO FAR BECAUSE ITS CURIOSITY SOON GETS THE BETTER OF ITS FEAR": GIRAFFE RUNNING AWAY IN SINGLE FILE, AS OFTEN WHEN DISTURBED.



"THE FAMILY LIFE OF THE GIRAFFE IS EXEMPLARY. . . IT WAS A DISTINCT PLEASURE TO WATCH THEIR BLAND GOINGS AND COMINGS. . . NEVER DID THEY DASH ABOUT KICKING AND SNAPPING THE WAY THE ZEBRAS DID; OR SNORT AND QUARREL AS IS COMMON WITH THE RHINO AMONG HIS KIND": FAMILY GROUPS IN THE SOUTHERN GAME RESERVE OF KENYA, 25 MILES FROM NAIROBI ON THE ROAD TO KAJIADO.

These excellent photographs of giraffes at large in their native wild offer a remarkable comparison with the old-time drawings of these animals, long before the camera was invented, reproduced on the opposite page. The photographs were taken by Mr. J. D. Melhuish on the Ngong Hills in the Masai Reserve of Kenya. Some pathetic pen pictures of the giraffe, by another hand, are to be found in a delightful book which we reviewed last week—Mr. Martin Johnson's "Safari—a Saga of the African Blue." (Putnam; 21s.) In a chapter headed "The Creature God Forgot," after describing the "murder" of a giraffe by a

lion, the author says: "If there lives a more defenceless creature I should like to know about it. The giraffe abides on the open plains amidst lions and leopards. To every one of these carnivores its flesh is an appetising delicacy. The giraffe is grotesquely conspicuous at all times. Its legs are so stiff and ill-formed that it must drink by spreading them apart until it takes a violent effort to spring to attention in case of danger. It has no claws or teeth for combat. It can make no sound to frighten its enemy or warn its comrades. It cannot fight, run, cry out, or hide well enough to escape its bloodthirsty enemies."

"Walking on the Fire" Unscathed.

An Ancient Hindu "Ordeal by Fire" still observed in Mauritius—Remarkable Immunity by Faith.

BY A POLICE OFFICER, OF PORT LOUIS, MAURITIUS.



THE GODDESS HONOURED BY THE CEREMONY OF "WALKING ON THE FIRE," IN MEMORY OF HER HUSBAND'S ORDEAL: THE IMAGE OF DROUPADI, BENEATH ITS "UMBRELLA," SETTING OUT TO MEET THE PROCESSION FROM THE RIVER.

AMONG the ancestral customs which the Indians of Mauritius, whether transplanted from their native land or born in the island, have maintained in the very midst of a Christian community, is the practice of walking through the fire. The custom—or rather, sacramental rite—is at least as old as the days of the "Maha Bharata."

There are different legends which account for the origin of the custom. Of these the best known, roughly summarised, runs as follows: A king named Drupada had been captured in battle, and during his captivity had been insulted. He prayed to the gods for a daughter whom he proposed to marry to his captor, and for a son who should slay the man who had insulted him. He was given the children whom he desired. The son plays but a minor part in the story. The daughter—Droupadi—grew up into extraordinary beauty. When the time came for her to wed, and her father announced that he was about to choose a husband for her, the princes of India, among whom he hoped to find Arjuna (his captor in the past), gathered at his court to contend for the maiden. He could not recognise Arjuna among them, though he had been sure that the news of the marriage would attract him. Nevertheless Arjuna had entered the city, but had hidden himself until the day when the king should announce his choice.

In due course the day of the contest arrived. It consisted in bringing down a model of a five-headed fish with five arrows, the condition being that the archer must guide his aim by the reflection of his bow and the fish in a pool of water below. All the princes failed, but Arjuna, who, though disguised, had been recognised as worthy to compete among the princes by the distinction of his bearing, hit the mark with his five arrows and won the princess. He brought her to his home and told his mother that he had brought a prize with him. She bade him divide it with his four brothers, as was the custom of the family with everything which came into their hands. Needless to say, he refused, for the prize was his bride.

His cousins, who were jealous of him, nevertheless spread a report among the people that Arjuna was sharing his wife with his brothers, as in the past everything else had been shared. Arjuna offered to disprove the slander by walking unharmed through fire, which he prayed might destroy him if the evil report were true. He passed through the flames unharmed, and to this day the Indian devotee, child, woman, or man, vows to the deified Droupadi that if she grants his prayer he too will walk through fire in her honour.

On a sweltering day in mid-December, after I had posted my men to maintain order, I stood in the shade of a mango-tree in the tiny precinct in front of Droupadi's temple. From afar I could hear the faint sound of the tam-tams, interrupted at times by the monotonous nasal drone of the *ban-soolee*, or Indian flute, which was accompanying the movement of the devotees from the river four miles away, where they had bathed and prayed. In front of me was a big stack of good-sized *filao* (pine) logs smouldering at the end of a trench about eighteen feet long by ten feet wide and two feet deep. When the big logs were smouldering red all through, they were broken up and spread within this trench. The white ashes above the glowing embers resembled a rippling alley-way of cotton wool.

As the sound of the tam-tams with the procession comes nearer, the crowd of Indians suddenly increases, the men in their many-coloured turbans, the women and children blazing in vivid silks, with heavy gold or silver ornaments loading head, ears, nose, arms, and ankles. The image of the goddess Droupadi, draped in scarlet silks and adorned with imitation jewellery, is carried from the temple on a plain, flat, wooden litter. To enhance the dignity of the goddess when she leaves the temple, an umbrella-shaped canopy is fixed to the back of her statue and rises above it. The goddess meets the procession, turns, precedes the procession to the trench, and then returns past the trench to the temple.

The close-packed, surging crowd is kept well back from the trench by a rope barrier on three sides, a narrow passage being preserved for the ingress of the devotees at the entrance of the precinct. To prevent the maddened devotees from approaching the trench before the sacrifice, the crowd is divided into two by a third rope barrier.

The men and boys appear with blazing eyes and convulsed features, and foam at the mouth; yet behind their distorted gaze is an expression of unshakable conviction. They are emaciated and their skins are as dry as parchment—skeletons rather than men. The women and girls, dressed in loose saffron gowns, stand with pained, quiet faces.

Now a goat is brought from the temple and led to the top of the trench, where its head is washed with saffron water, which quiets it, so that it seems a willing

victim. The assistant *poussari* (Hindu priest) hews off the goat's head. This must be done with one stroke, else the sacrifice is void and another goat must be offered. The head is placed at the left top corner of the trench, and the bleeding body is dragged round the trench with the sun, to form a barrier between the devotees and the evil spirits of the air. The blood-stained knife is handed to the first *poussari* at the head of the procession of devotees, and he walks quietly over the embers with the calm and steady face of the professional ecclesiastic who knows exactly what to expect from his gods. Having kept the rules, he is perfectly aware that he is taking no risks. The second *poussari* follows with equal aplomb.

Then the spiritual nature of the ceremony manifests itself. Some of the devotees hesitate, either because they have broken their rules or out of natural timidity, and are unable to face the fire. They are urged on by the temple wardens, who, if words fail, catch them by the hair of the head and push them into the fire. One by one the devotees pass over the red-hot embers, the sparks rising as they walk. Some stagger as they walk with every muscle taut; some



A DEVOTEE WALKING RESOLUTELY ACROSS THE RED-HOT EMBERS, GRASPING WITH BOTH HANDS A BUNCH OF LEAVES: A SCENE DURING THE HINDU CEREMONY OF "WALKING ON THE FIRE" IN MAURITIUS.

holding a plate containing a piece of burning camphor; some grasping leaves with both hands; some carrying a child. The women and girls follow in the same way as the men, with something less showy but manifestly a deeper conviction even than the men. As they reach the end of the trench, each devotee is helped by the *poussaris* into a small shallow trench full of water; most of them swoon when they leave it, and are carried away. I followed some of them and carefully examined their feet, which bore no signs of burning or of lameness.

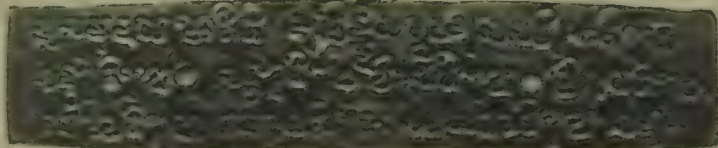
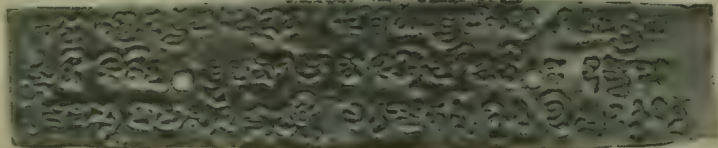
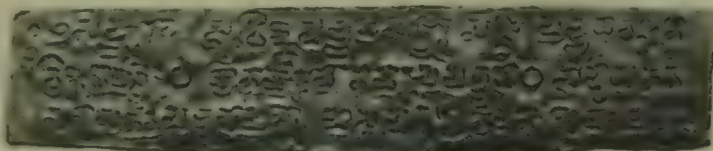
The explanations usually offered for this phenomenon are utterly insufficient. Any chemical that might be applied to the feet would be burnt off during the relatively slow passage. Moreover, there is no opportunity of applying any such substance, as the devotees come without a stop straight from the river to the temple gate. Their hardened skin may help a little, but they themselves put no trust in it, for if they have broken the rules of their fifteen days' preparation (which consists of various forms of abstinence) they believe that they will be burnt by the fire. I have seen one instance where the embers have burnt holes into a man's foot, and the *poussari* explained it to me by the statement that the man had broken some of the rules of his preparation. When the last devotee has passed through the fire, the *poussaris* empty the water from the second trench over the burning embers. The assembled mass of Indians then utter one great cry, "*Nerpoo!*" and disperse to their homes.



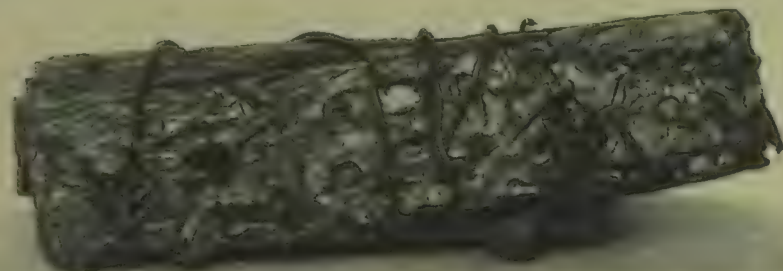
ABOUT TO STEP FROM THE RED-HOT EMBERS INTO A POOL OF WATER, IN WHICH THE FIRST *POUSSARI* (HINDU PRIEST) IS STANDING: ONE OF THE DEVOTEES WHO PASS THROUGH THE ORDEAL UNSCATHED, IF THEY HAVE KEPT THEIR VOWS, BY THE SPIRITUAL FORCE OF FAITH.

THE STORIED PAST OF INDIA:

VI.—"A WONDER-HOUSE OF TREASURES," INCLUDING
A GOLD MANUSCRIPT.

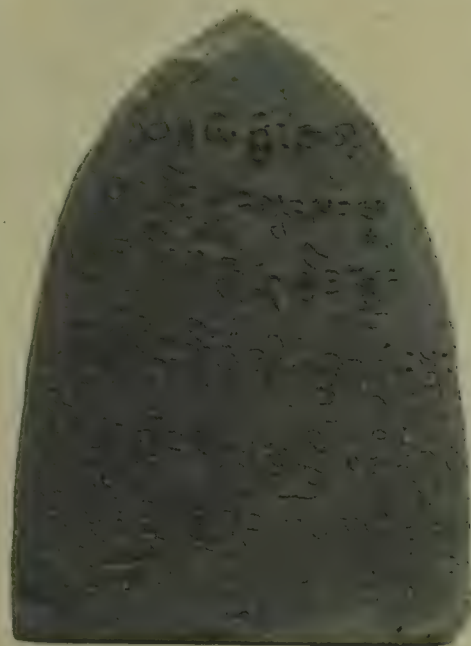


A MANUSCRIPT WRITTEN ON GOLD: THREE OF THE TWENTY GOLD LEAVES WITH QUOTATIONS IN PALI IN A SOUTH INDIAN SCRIPT OF THE SIXTH—SEVENTH CENTURY A.D., FOUND AT OLD PROME.



LITERALLY "A GOLDEN BOOK": A MANUSCRIPT ON LEAVES OF PURE GOLD, WITHIN THIN GOLD COVERS, CONTAINING EXTRACTS IN PALI FROM THE BUDDHIST SCRIPTURES, FROM OLD PROME (THE ANCIENT SRIKSHETRA).

A VOTIVE TABLET, INSCRIBED IN PYU, FROM PAGAN, IN BURMA: ONE OF 800 FOUND, TESTIFYING TO THAT CITY'S IMPORTANCE IN THE ELEVENTH CENTURY.



LAST, but by no means least, among the discoveries on Buddhist sites were those made last year at Old Prome and Pagan in Burma. For many centuries Old Prome—the ancient Srikshetra—was the capital of the Pyu, a Tibeto-Burman people subjugated by the Burmese in the eleventh century A.D. Here, M. Duroiselle lit upon the untouched relic chamber of a stupa of the sixth or seventh century A.D., and found in it a veritable wonder-house of archaeological treasures. Standing in the centre of the chamber was a votive casket of silver, surmounted by a miniature Bo-tree. Round the top of the stupa runs an inscription in mixed Pyu and Pali in a script closely related to the Canara-Telugu script of Southern India. The Pyu gives the names of the four Buddhas whose figures are embossed on the stupa, each attended by a disciple; and a few words from the Pali scriptures. The figures are well modelled, with a decided South Indian cast of countenance. At the base is another line of inscription, in pure Pyu. The number of inscriptions

known in this language—most of them quite short—is very small, and the actual number of Pyu words of which the meaning has been ascertained does not exceed 150. Although this particular inscription, therefore, can be read, its meaning is problematical. Two proper names in it, Sri Prabhuvamma and Sri Prabhudevi, appear to be the names of the donors of the casket, and they were probably the then reigning king of Srikshetra and his chief queen. Beside this stupa was a manuscript consisting of twenty gold leaves within two thin gold covers. They contain short extracts in Pali from the Abhidhamma and Vinaya Pitakas in an early South Indian script of the Canara-Telugu type, dating from the sixth to seventh century A.D. Among the other objects in the same relic chamber were a gold image of the Buddha, and sixty-three smaller ones of gold and silver, four small stupas of silver, and a number of inscribed gold and silver finger-rings, ear-ornaments, miniature boats, terra-cotta reliefs, coins, beads and precious or semi-precious stones. These antiquities point to Southern Buddhism, with its Pali canon, being the predominant religion there, though traces of Northern Buddhism, as well as of the worship of Siva and Vishnu, are not lacking. They also leave little room for doubt that, whatever real culture there was at Prome at this period, was essentially Indian in character. The finds at Pagan are not so

(Continued below.)



A NEGROID BUDDHA UNIQUE OF ITS KIND: ONE OF 64 GOLD AND SILVER IMAGES OF THE BUDDHA FROM THE RELIC CHAMBER AT OLD PROME.



A SILVER AND SILVER-GILT VOTIVE CASKET SURMOUNTED BY THE BODHI TREE AND EMBOSSED WITH FOUR BUDDHAS, WITH PALI AND PYU INSCRIPTIONS: A TREASURE FROM OLD PROME.

(Continued.)

spectacular, but they possess considerable historical and philological value. Pagan started into fame in the middle of the eleventh century, when its king, Anorata, carried his arms into Lower Burma and annexed not only Old Prome, but also Thaton, the capital of the Mons and Talaiings. It was from this date only that the Burmese received at the hands of the conquered an alphabet, most of their arts, and their religion—Buddhism. It was from this date also

that the extraordinary outburst of architectural activity began which covered Pagan with the magnificent galaxy of temples and pagodas that have made it so justly celebrated. The finds made here by M. Duroiselle consist mainly of votive tablets—about 800—some in archaic Burmese, and recording names of plants, fruits, flowers, herbs, and so on, dedicated at a foundation ceremony; others bearing witness to the political influence of Pagan in the eleventh century.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

"MUD AND TREACLE."—"OUR LITTLE WIFE."—A PLAYER OF SHAVIAN PARTS.

MR. BENN W. LEVY, who began so well with "This Woman Business" (it cannot be repeated too often) is entirely on the wrong tack. He showed it in "The Man with Red Hair"; he shows it more cogently in this motley mixture of "Mud and Treacle." The play and its author are both awry from beginning to end. The very title is repellent; the prologue—a dark room, a valet opening the curtains, a dead woman, head downwards, lying across a sofa—curtain!—is an error of structure. It gives the end away for no purpose, and, technically, this retrogressive movement of the play proper is clumsy and illogical. Now, what occurs in the play? Mainly nothing in particular, and endless coil of discussion in a country-house, of sex, feminism, abstruse politics—for which last a Socialist and a proletarian Labour man from the mining country are specially introduced—and talk by the yard. It is the sort of talk which, in old days, Oscar Wilde used to render scintillating, and nowadays is only tolerable in the penetrating, convincing powers of a "G.B.S."

Now, as to the story. Polly Andrews has an affair with the husband of her cousin, the daughter of a publican, and a little lone figure in the country house.

plays the trumps of defiance: tells him that she was Archie's mistress. Then, after much talk of a psychopathic-sexual nature, he kisses and strangles her. Sadism rampant once more, and, if there is any inwardness at all, beyond critical discussion in the pages of this paper.

The fundamental fault of this play is that, despite cleverness in patches and a coruscating line now and again, it has no *raison d'être*, because it is neither life-

not the actor's, fault. Mr. Ivor Barnard made the proletarian busybody as amusing as he could be made; Miss Mabel Terry Lewis created some interest for a Victorian mother tinged with modernity; and Mr. Douglas Burbidge was monumental as a butler of aristocratic mien and manner.

It is not very often—thank heaven!—that the World of the Theatre sees two clever dramatists fall so short of their real abilities as the author of the play noticed above and Mr. Ivory Hopwood in "Our Little Wife." And this in one week! The critic's lot is usually a thorny one. To have to deal with two such misfires in one article turns the familiar thorns into barbed wire.

What has happened to Mr. Hopwood's deservedly popular skill? Has he heard, across the marshes of disillusion, the mocking plaint—"The public is sick of up-to-date drama. Come back with us to the 'eighties—to the well-proved situations of Parisian farce. The old is the new"? That some such misfortune has befallen

him one cannot doubt. For the innocently polyandrous wife; the more or less farcically idiotic friend who tests her virtue by asking her to supper in his flat; the almost mentally deficient husband who conspiringly contrives the "trial by invitation"—are not ingredients, however well peppered, that can be served up in these days without a liberal use of the preservatives of wit and verisimilitude. And both of these are lacking in "Our Little Wife." Such laughter as comes upon us is due to the cleverness of the actors. Mr. Albert Brouett is really funny in a part which is neither more nor less than grotesque caricature; but there is no real characterisation to make a foundation for the piled structure of

[Continued on page 920.]



NANCY (DISGUISED IN PRINCE CHARLIE'S UNIFORM) IS WOUNDED IN A DUEL: MISS EVELYN LAYE, AS NANCY BELLAMY, AT A THRILLING MOMENT IN "BLUE EYES," AT THE PICCADILLY THEATRE.

After Culloden, Nancy's brother James dons Prince Charlie's uniform to enable the Young Pretender to escape. Nancy, in turn, wears the uniform so that her brother can get away. She is arrested, and fights a duel with an officer of Dragoons before her identity is discovered.

like nor interesting; because, with one exception—Archie's mostly silent, suppressed wife—none of the characters is real. They are microphones with the author in front ladling out theories, political, social, sexual, historical, and so on, *ad lib.*, without a semblance of reality. We are never moved; we are never really interested in these automatic people—some of whom, like the lachrymose Archie, are frankly ridiculous and saved by the actors. We feel too frequently inclined to exclaim, "For heaven's sake, cut the cackle and come to the 'osses!" But when they come, we don't believe in the horse. As a French critic once said about a similar play, with a sneer at the cigars of the Régie: "*Tout ça, mon ami, c'est de la manufacture d'état.*" Oh, I know Mr. Levy's first brilliant play was also *manufacture*; but it was sane; it was spontaneous; it was young; it welled up from his unspoiled adolescence. But now he thinks he must go further; he must *épater* us, and, as sex is ever to the fore, he thinks that sadic impulse is the card to play. I implore him to get away from this tangent, of which he knows not half enough, and to be his jolly self again, and not to dip hither and thither and regale us with half-digested smatterings of seeming knowledge.

The outstanding performance was Miss Ursula Jeans's silent, suffering wife: a masterpiece of telling inactivity, a pathetic figure, a live one. Miss Tallulah Bankhead's Polly was effective in the scenes of discussion; she was technically brilliant in upheavals, but what she needs is "heart massage." As soon as she has to be impassioned, we feel the effort more than the sincerity—she fails to vibrate. Mr. Robert Harris as the tearful young man, on the other hand, was truly sincere. Had he been otherwise, this un-English type would have excited ridicule. Mr. Nicholas Hannen, magnificent in his oratorical outbursts, did all that was possible with a rather enigmatic figure. If we did not find out what kind of man he was—a gas-bag or a man of convictions—it was the author's,



W. H. BERRY DONS THE KILT: MR. BERRY AS HENRY PILBEAM IN "BLUE EYES"—THE FIRST PRODUCTION AT THE NEW PICCADILLY THEATRE.

The new Piccadilly Theatre opened recently with "Blue Eyes"—a romantic musical play of the Jacobite rebellion, with music by Jerome Kern and lyrics by Guy Bolton and Graham John. Mr. Berry, of course, has a comic part—that of a poor actor of Drury Lane Theatre.

Polly and Archie meet secretly, kiss, and, we are led to believe, there is the limit. Then Polly, so temperamental that even in her baby days she was out for the conquest of any man she met, from the guests to the gardeners, is suddenly smitten by the eloquent, loquacious Socialist, and the more the latter is down on love—which he calls mud and treacle—the more she eggs him on. When he resists, and she, with her feminine instinct, feels that he is well bitten, she



"BUTCHER" CUMBERLAND SIGNS AN ORDER FOR THE SAFE-CONDUCT OF NANCY'S BROTHER: MISS EVELYN LAYE AS NANCY BELLAMY, AN ACTRESS, AND MR. BERTRAM WALLIS AS THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND, IN "BLUE EYES," AT THE PICCADILLY THEATRE.

Nancy Bellamy, a popular Covent Garden actress, goes to Scotland to look after her brother James, who is fighting for the rebels. James is in danger of trial for treason, but Nancy, having fascinated "Butcher" Cumberland, obtains a safe-conduct for him.

AN 18TH-CENTURY CONTRAST TO HOGARTH: WHEATLEYS AT AUCTION.

BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON, AND WOODS.



"MAIDENHOOD": A COUNTRY GIRL TAKING ADVICE FROM HER MOTHER BEFORE SETTING OUT FOR SHOPPING.



"COURTSHIP": THE MAIDEN STANDING BESIDE HER LOVER, WHO AFFECTIONATELY CLASPS HER HAND.



"MARRIAGE": THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM AT THE CHURCH DOOR IN AN IDYLIC SETTING.



"MARRIED LIFE": THE YOUNG WIFE SEATED AT NEEDLEWORK, WITH HER HUSBAND AND CHILDREN.

This set of four paintings by Francis Wheatley, R.A., the property of Sir Randolph L. Baker, Bt., D.S.O., of Ranston, Blandford, Dorset, is to be included in an important sale at Christie's, on June 8, of fine early English portraits and pictures by Old Masters. With their atmosphere of happy contentment and fidelity, they form a striking antithesis to the contemporary work of Hogarth, as in "Marriage à la Mode" and "The Rake's Progress." Francis Wheatley was an artist who excelled in rural and domestic subjects. He was a tailor's son, born in London in 1747, and studied art at the Academy schools. His first important commission

was to help in painting a ceiling at Brompton Hall for Lord Melbourne, and later he was employed on decorations at Vauxhall. After some years he eloped with the wife of another painter, J. A. Gresse, and went to Dublin, where he took to portraiture and painted a large picture of "The Irish House of Commons." Returning to London, he did a painting of the Gordon Riots, and contributed to Boydell's "Shakespeare Gallery." Wheatley first exhibited at the Academy in 1771, and became an R.A. twenty years later. His first exhibits were portraits, but later he sent in landscapes and *genre* pictures. He died in 1801.

THE REVENGE OF THE CONTINENTS AND THE LIBERTY OF THE SEAS.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilizations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

THERE exists in the world to-day a state of mind which might be called oceanic anxiety. When the World War began in 1914, there were in force a balance of naval power and a maritime law which were believed to be sufficient to guarantee the rights of all peoples. If the British fleet was the strongest, the secondary fleets made an imposing total. There was at that time a German fleet, an Austro-Hungarian fleet, a Russian fleet, a French fleet, an Italian fleet, a Japanese fleet, and a United States fleet. The Declaration of Paris of 1856 and the Declaration of London of 1909 seemed to have definitely fixed the rules of naval warfare, by reconciling the categorical necessities of the struggle with the exigencies of humanity.

Four years later, the German fleet, the Austro-Hungarian fleet, and the Russian fleet had disappeared, and the Declarations of Paris and London had been replaced by a death struggle, on the sea and under the sea, in which the losses, both in lives and goods, mounted up to an appalling total. For a moment it seemed as if the British fleet dominated the sea more than ever before; but very soon the American fleet equalled it, and the Japanese fleet, without attaining the proportions of the two Anglo-Saxon fleets, greatly surpassed the French and Italian, the only two surviving fleets of Continental Europe. To-day the naval supremacy of England has been replaced by the crushing superiority of the three preponderating fleets—British, American, and Japanese—over all the secondary fleets. There no longer exists any balance of power at sea, and no law regulating the employment of that power. If Japan, England, and the United States entered into an agreement, they could do whatever they liked.

This maritime anxiety, therefore, is comprehensible. It ought to be specially alive in the weaker or disarmed countries, who find themselves at the mercy of this triple dictatorship of the liquid element. This is by no means the case. The weak or disabled countries are calm; maritime anxiety is found among the Powers which dominate the seas, especially in England and the United States. Those two countries seem to fear obscure dangers, arising from the juxtaposition in which they find themselves. The possibility of a war between the two great Anglo-Saxon Powers is discussed; every two or three years a new project for the limitation of armaments is brought out; from time to time the question of the liberty of the seas, which played so great a part in the World War, is revived.

Whence comes this anxiety? What does it signify? We must revert to one of the most obscure dramas in the World War in order to understand it. The public know little about it, because the drama was unfolded in the ocean solitudes and in the secrecy of Chancelleries, while general attention was fixed on the fighting in the trenches; but what an influence it exercised over the destinies of Europe! When the World War broke out, one idea propagated itself among the masses, who were exasperated by the invasion of Belgium, maddened by the violence of the attack, its crushing rapidity, and the incontrovertible security of collective hopes. If Germany possessed the most formidable army in the world, her adversaries held the mastery of the seas; the over-populated countries of Europe could no longer exist without importing a part of their subsistence by sea; therefore the Central Empires

should be blockaded—they should be placed in a position which would make it impossible for them to manufacture explosives. . . .

It was a simple idea, and it did not appeal to the masses only. At the outset of war the intellectual *élite* did not doubt that the Central Powers would inevitably fall, strangled by the blockade. Here is a personal experience, with regard to this illusion, which is rather curious: At the beginning of November 1914 I was in Paris. One day I was invited to a luncheon at which M. Delcassé, who was then Minister for Foreign Affairs, was also to be present. The Minister arrived with some news he had only received that morning, which had not yet been published in the newspapers. It put us all into good spirits and increased our appetites: Germany had rationed the consumption of bread! The Minister also told us what was the exact quantity of bread that each German might consume; I have forgotten that detail. The news was discussed with animation; it seemed to announce famine—that is to say, the beginning of the end. Suddenly one of the guests asked in what ratio the bread ration allowed by the Govern-

and have it brought to the ports of Holland or Denmark by neutral ships.

But public opinion would not have allowed the Governments of Great Britain or of any of the countries who were waging war upon the Central Empires to hesitate upon this point. It was necessary to do the impossible as well as the possible to blockade half Europe, as in old days a town of twenty thousand inhabitants was blockaded. The heaviest part of this almost superhuman task fell to Great Britain, who had to begin it by revolutionising the rules of naval warfare. That is what she did when she made the Reprisals Order of 1915. Abandoning the Declarations of Paris and London, she declared that from March 1 1915, she would have the right to confiscate any merchandise belonging to the enemy, or of enemy origin, on all neutral vessels.

This was inevitable if it was desired to blockade the Central Empires. But the application of that Reprisals Order, so simple in its enunciation, was terribly difficult and complicated. Not only did the Reprisals Order break a legal tradition which was already well established, but

it injured very considerable interests. The neutrals protested, with the United States at their head; there were interminable discussions and diplomatic complications of every kind, the history of which, at present unknown to the public, would be interesting. Sometimes it was necessary to have recourse to measures apparently unjust, especially to the small neutral Powers. If the sympathy which was generally on the side of the Allied Powers at the outset of the war cooled a little towards 1916, especially in the Scandinavian countries, this was to a great extent due to those measures.

And yet Admiral Consett, in his book "The Triumph of Unarmed Forces," published in 1923, demonstrated that, despite that revolution in the rules of naval warfare, despite those rigorous measures, despite the enormous efforts of the Allied Fleets, the Central Empires continued to provision themselves amply through the interposition of neutrals until 1916. The commercial currents of the modern world are like great rivers; it is not easy to arrest them or to change their course by dykes. The enemy's stock of provisions only began to decline in a decisive manner in 1917, after

three years of war, when economic exhaustion was added to the effect of the blockade. At the beginning of 1917 the accumulated stocks of merchandise, securities, and precious metals with which the Central Empires had up till then paid for their purchases abroad, were considerably reduced; while at the same time the possibility of finding credit diminished with the prolongation of the war. It was only then that the blockade succeeded in forcing the Central Empires into a period of intolerable privations.

The same difficulty began to make itself felt even by the Allies at the end of 1916, though the seas were less closed for them than for their enemies. The intervention of the United States in 1917 was an extraordinary piece of good luck for the Allies, especially because it obliged America to send as subsidies to the Allies arms and food which she had up till then sold us, and which we could no longer afford to buy.

If the blockade contributed to the defeat of the Central Empires, it proved a far less wieldy and much less sure arm than the facile optimism of the masses had supposed. The effort it cost in lives, energy, and money was enormous, and the results which it produced were extremely slow in coming. Are we, then, to conclude that those theories of the mastery of the seas which were

(Continued on page 918.)



GEBEL ELBA: A MOUNTAIN WHOSE SIDES ARE RICH IN VEGETATION WHICH HAS AFFINITIES BOTH WITH SINAI AND PALESTINE, AND WITH THE MOUNTAINS OF ABYSSINIA.

This interesting photograph of Gebel Elba was taken by Professor Percy E. Newberry, O.B.E., the distinguished Honorary Reader in Egyptian Art at the University of Liverpool, who returned recently from exploring the mountains and khors of the Red Sea Province of the Sudan. Gebel Elba lies in the extreme S.E. corner of the Eastern Desert of Egypt, some 325 miles due east of Wady Halfa, and twenty miles from Halaib, on the Red Sea coast. The sides of this mountain and the khors running out from it are extraordinarily rich in vegetation, which has affinities, on the one hand, with Sinai and Palestine, and on the other with the mountains of Abyssinia. Dragon's Blood trees (*Dracanas*), wild olive trees, and many beautiful acacias (on some of which brilliant red-flowered *Loranthus* plants flourish) thrive here, as well as hundreds of species of flowering plants, ferns, and mosses. Owing to the hostility of the Bisharin Arabs who live in the vicinity, Dr. G. Schweinfurth, the famous African explorer, failed to reach Gebel Elba when, in 1864, he explored the Soturba range lying to the south. Theodore Bent made a journey round it in 1895, and since then it has been visited by Dr. Ball and Mr. Murray, of the Desert Survey Department of the Egyptian Government, as well as by some officers of the Sudan Government. Professor Newberry reached the mountain by camel from Port Sudan—a distance of about 200 miles.

ment to each German stood in comparison with that usually consumed by a normal healthy man. We then discovered that not one among us knew how much bread a man required to feed himself properly. In the end the master of the house ordered a servant to go to the kitchen and weigh a piece of bread equal to the German ration and to bring it to us, so that we might judge with our own eyes the gravity of Germany's condition of starvation. I can still see in imagination the enormous mountain of bread which the servant brought on a dish. If Germany was trying to prevent bread being wasted, she still enjoyed great abundance! The subject of conversation was changed.

In reality, however simple the operation might seem to the optimistic masses, starving the Central Empires was an enterprise without precedent in history. The long range of modern guns, the mines, and the submarines made blockading the coasts of Germany a very difficult and dangerous operation for the Allied fleets. The Declaration of Paris of 1856 and that of London in 1909 strictly limited the number of articles of merchandise that might be seized as contraband of war; which, combined with the facilities offered by the innumerable lines of railway with which Europe is covered, made the provisioning of Germany very easy even for those articles of merchandise. Germany had only to send for everything she required,

An Auction Room "Prize": One of the Holford Rembrandts.

BY COURTESY OF "APOLLO."



"PORTRAIT OF THE YOUNG MAN WITH A CLEFT CHIN": A REMBRANDT UNDER THE HAMMER AT THE RECENT SALE OF THE HOLFORD COLLECTION IN LONDON.

This painting by Rembrandt is one of four examples of the great Dutch master included in the sale at Christie's, on May 17 and 18, of the final portion of the great collection owned by the late Sir George Lindsay Holford. The picture (which measures 29½ in. by 24½ in.) was formerly said to represent the artist's son Titus, but both the identity of the sitter and the date of the work have been disputed. Writing in the current number of "Apollo," the well-known art journal, Mr. William Gibson says: "The portrait was painted, some say, about 1652; others about 1658. . . . The sitter is something like Titus, but then he has a cleft chin, which feature he shares with a similar young man in the Louvre. Furthermore, those in favour of the earlier date point out resemblances of handling to

the 'Bruningh' at Cassel, dated that year, as ruling out Titus, who was born in 1641. The subject in both this and the Louvre picture appears much older than Titus in portraits which, to judge by age, must have been painted no earlier than 1656, and which cannot on technical grounds be later than 1658. On the technical reasons for dating the picture 1652 the experts must decide. Certainly the picture differs in many respects from the Hertford House 'Titus' of about 1657. Not only is it much less luminous, but the shadow on the face is painted in quite a different manner, much more close in its glaze of rather muddy colour to that of some of the earlier pictures. The hair, too, is treated in quite a different way." The above portrait is signed on the right, "Rembrandt F."

"Princess Pat's" First "One-Woman" Show: A Cingalese Scene.

By COURTESY OF "APOLLO."



"VIEW AT KANDY, CEYLON," BY LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY: AN "ARABESQUE OF COLOUR" IN TROPICAL FOLIAGE.

In our last number we reproduced in black and white four pictures by Lady Patricia Ramsay (more familiarly known as "Princess Pat"), the charming and accomplished daughter of the Duke of Connaught, from the first public exhibition of her paintings and drawings, recently opened at the Goupil Gallery in Regent Street. As we then noted, Lady Patricia has lived much in Ceylon, as well as in the Bermudas. In connection with the Cingalese scene, here given in colour, we may note that an appreciation of her work, by Mr. R. H. Wilenski, appears in the current number of that excellent art magazine, "Apollo." "In Ceylon," he says, "she reacted to a mountainous country so rich in fantastic trees and blossoms that the line of vision rarely includes any considerable stretch of sky. Coral, palms and frangipane, mountains, toy boats, and villages form arabesques of colour and rhythmic fugues unknown to the regions of the north."

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



A GIFT TO THE NATION IN THE ISLE OF SHEPPEY: THE ABBEY GATE HOUSE (LEFT) ADJOINING MINSTER ABBEY, REBUILT IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY. The picturesque old Abbey Gate House adjoining Minster Abbey, in the Isle of Sheppey, has been offered to the nation, through the National Trust, by Mr. G. Ramuz, of Minster. It was for some years used as the homestead of the Abbey Farm. The church and abbey of Minster were rebuilt, between 1123 and 1139, by William de Corbeul, Archbishop of Canterbury.



A FAMOUS MANSION AS A NEW PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR GIRLS: WESTONBIRT, GLOUCESTERSHIRE, ON THE DAY OF THE OPENING BY THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.

Westonbirt, formerly the late Sir George Holford's seat, was opened by the Duchess of Beaufort as a public school for girls, on May 11, the fifth anniversary of the foundation of Stowe School. Lord Gisborough is chairman of both, and the Rev. P. E. Warrington, of Stowe School, founded Westonbirt. The head-mistress (Mrs. Houson Craufurd) is not a teacher. She was Chief of the Scottish Girl Guides.



A NEW ORANG-UTAN AT THE "ZOO": GINGER, THE FINEST EVER SEEN THERE, INTRODUCED TO THE PUBLIC. Ginger was kept inside for two months on account of the weather. In the "Times" of May 15, Sir Hesketh Bell described a new system of wholesale capture of orang-utans in Sumatra, and deprecated the extensive exportation of these great apes.



A NEW SALVATION ARMY TRAINING COLLEGE: GENERAL BOOTH PRESIDING AT THE STONE-LAYING CEREMONY. At Denmark Hill, on May 10, foundation stones of the new Salvation Army Training College, as a memorial to the late General William Booth, were laid by General Bramwell Booth and others. "Army" branches from all over the world were represented.



A SULTAN'S GIFT TO NELSON AMONG THE RELICS: AN AIGRETTE, WHOSE CENTRAL ROSE USED TO REVOLVE. This superb *chelenk* (Plume of Triumph) was sent to Nelson by the Sultan of Turkey in 1798. The rose originally revolved by minute clockwork, but the mechanism was removed. The aigrette is in the Nelson Relics Exhibition at Messrs. Spink's Galleries.



A NEW SPORT "LIKE SURF-RIDING DE LUXE": OUTBOARD MOTOR-BOAT RACING—MISS ZOE LIVESLEY, WINNER OF THE WOMEN'S RACE ON THE WELSH HARP. The first outboard motor-boat race meeting near London was held on the Welsh Harp, Hendon, on May 12, introducing Londoners to a new sport that bids fair to become highly popular. The women's scratch race was won by Miss Zoe Livesley at 24.9 m.p.h. in her boat, "Buckho," with a Watermota engine. Miss Dorothy Minto, the actress, competed. Major Segrave, the racing motorist, declares this sport "as thrilling as motor-racing," and "like surf-riding *de luxe*."



AN INDIAN PRINCE UPHOLDS THE BRITISH RAJ AS INDIA'S "ONLY SOLUTION": THE MAHARAJAH OF BURDWAN SPEAKING.

The Maharajah of Burdwan is seen speaking in Caxton Hall before the East India Association, with Lord Meston (second from left) in the chair. The Maharajah said: "If India is tired of white rule, and if the British be tired of ruling India, then India must be prepared to be ruled either by the yellow races, by brown races who are not Hindus, or by Soviet Russia. Let India choose. . . . I take the British connection as the only solution of India's problems."

RIDING DOWN PRECIPICES: THRILLING FEATS OF

CLIFFSIDE HORSEMANSHIP BY SPANISH CAVALRY.



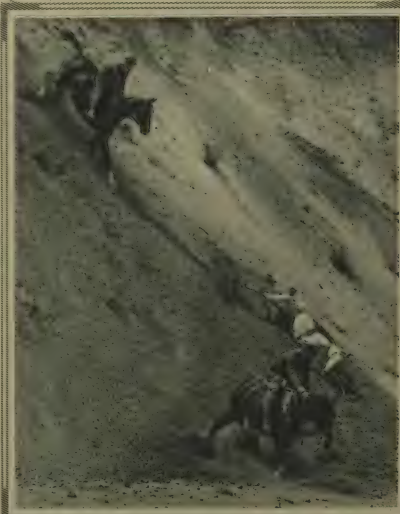
WHERE A "SPILL" IS NO DISGRACE, ON A "COURSE" MORE NERVE-TESTING THAN THE GRAND NATIONAL: HORSE AND RIDER FALLING ON THE SIDE OF A CLIFF.



THE CHIEF OF THE MILITARY RIDING SCHOOL SHOWS HOW IT SHOULD BE DONE: THE MARQUE DE LOS TRUJILLOS MAKING A MAGNIFICENT DESCENT, RETAINING PERFECT CONTROL.



A CORRECT LANDING AT THE FOOT OF THE STEEP DECLIVITY ON CLAY SOIL FULL OF HOLLOW: A REMARKABLE TEST OF HORSEMANSHIP IN SPAIN.



ANOTHER "SPILL" ON THE PRECIPITOUS SLOPE NEGOTIATED BY SPANISH CAVALRYMEN: A SIDE VIEW OF THREE SIMULTANEOUS DESCENTS.

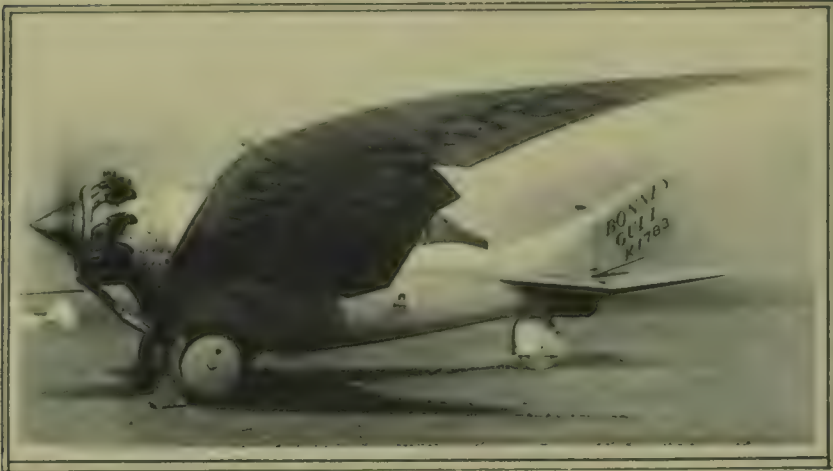


DESCENDING AN ALMOST PERPENDICULAR DECLIVITY DOWN A SIXTY-FOOT CLIFF ON HORSEBACK: THE MARQUE DE LOS TRUJILLOS, CHIEF OF THE RIDING SCHOOL, GIVES A WONDERFUL DEMONSTRATION OF NERVE AND SKILL, NEVER FOR A MOMENT LOSING THE MASTERY OF HIS HORSE.

Describing these extraordinary feats of horsemanship, a Spanish writer says: "The pupils of the School of Military Riding frequently perform this class of exercises. . . . The occasion illustrated was the last International Horse Competition. The 'outdoor' class of the School, under the Marquis de los Trujillos, gave a splendid demonstration, before foreign officers who attended the contest, on the Zarzuela field, where the horses encounter the most difficult ground and the most formidable breaks and declivities. . . . The most expert riders of the neighbouring countries attend the Madrid competition. If the camera had not recorded with certainty the incidents of this magnificent trial, if it had not had witnesses, one would have almost doubted its actuality, because, humanly speaking, when contemplating those almost vertical descents, of amazing height, on clayey soil, a descent appears an impossible undertaking. . . . There were incidents full of tense excitement that held the spectators breathless, but served to prove the degree of mastery attained by the officers of our

Army on passing through the School of Riding, the pride of Spanish cavalry. . . . The French Captain de Montergon, so distinguished on the track at the Hippodrome of La Castellana, in a description published in the French 'Cavalry Review,' says of the Spanish officers: 'When I saw the top of the last descent and understood what they were proposing to do, when, seized by giddiness, I bent over a steep and abrupt drop of twenty metres (about 65 ft.), full of hollows and clayey soil, at the end of which only a sandy slope offered itself to receive them, I thought: "This is not possible! They will never go down!" But they did go down. Men and horses. They let themselves drop like stones in empty space, leaping from step to step. Only three effected the terrible leap without a fall, but all got down. Honour to these intrepid riders, to their horses as brave as themselves; honour, above all, to their leader, who went down first! That leader was my friend, Captain the Marquis de los Trujillos, who twice performed this feat. A splendid race is that which produces these men.'

DISASTERS ; SPORTS ; AND A STUART RELIC : WORLD PHOTOGRAPHS.



THE FATAL DISASTER TO THE BONNEY "SEA GULL" PLANE WITH FLAPPING WINGS: THE MACHINE JUST BEFORE IT TOOK OFF FOR ITS FIRST AND LAST FLIGHT. Mr. Leonard W. Bonney died on May 4 as a result of injuries received while testing his invention the "Bonney Gull," which crashed with him on a golf course near Curtis Field, in the United



AFTER THE DISASTER: THE WRECK OF THE FLAPPING-WING "SEA GULL" PLANE "BONNEY GULL" AFTER THE CRASH IN WHICH ITS INVENTOR WAS KILLED.

States. The plane was designed to flap its wings and generally imitate a sea-gull in flight. Its owner valued it at £20,000, and, what is more, expected it to revolutionise the art of flying in heavier-than-air machines. It had a special radial motor. Mr. Bonney had been trying to make it take the air for some two years.



MOTOR-CYCLISTS PLAY HOCKEY: PASSENGERS IN SIDE-CARS WIELD THE STICKS IN A MATCH AT A LONDON GYMKHANA.

The motor-cycle—so much in evidence on the roads, not always to the joy of the car-owner and the pedestrian—has been appearing in new rôles of late. Motor-cycle racing and motor-cycle football are comparatively old pastimes; but now we have a big bid made for popularity by expert and "armoured" riders on the unpicturesquely named "dirt tracks," and by experimental motor-cycle hockey as here demonstrated at a gymkhana.



AN AEROPLANE CRASHES INTO GARDENS, WITH FATAL RESULTS: THE "FAIREY" BEING SALVED AT FARNBOROUGH.

The machine was being flown from the R.A.F. base at Gosport. It crashed at Farnborough, Hants, falling on the lawns of two houses in Alexandra Road—The Sheiling and Stafford House—and nearly involving two people who were in the gardens. A wing struck a gable of The Sheiling, and the propeller penetrated deeply into the turf. The pilot was severely injured, and a telegraphist and an aircraftsman were killed.



THE GERMAN PLAYER IN THE LADIES' OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: FRÄULEIN LYDIA REINCKE, HAMBURG (LEFT); WITH MISS M. MEGSON.

Fräulein Reincke is the first German to play in the British Ladies' Open Golf Championship. In the first round she beat Miss M. Megson (Worsley) by 8 and 7. In the second round she lost to Miss K. Cook (Bedfordshire) by 5 and 3.



A STUART RELIC TO BE AUCTIONED AT SOTHEBY'S ON MAY 23: THE "MEDUSA HEAD" TARGET OF PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD (THE YOUNG CHEVALIER). This target forms part of the Cluny Castle collection, the property of Cluny Macpherson of Cluny, Chief of the Clan Chattan. It is leather-covered and 19 in. in diameter. The decorations are silver.



THE LADIES' OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: MISS GLENNA COLLETT, U.S.A., WITH Mlle. DE LA CHAUME (R.), WHOM SHE BEAT BY 3 AND 1.

As ill-luck would have it—from the spectators' point of view—Miss Collett, of Rhode Island, U.S.A., met Mlle. Simone Thion de la Chaume, of St. Cloud, the holder, in the first round of the championship. The former won by 3 and 1.

Fine Art in Opera Costume: Wagner Designs by Charles Ricketts.

FROM THE PAINTINGS BY CHARLES RICKETTS, R.A. BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



ISOLDE: A DESIGN FOR WAGNER'S OPERA OF ARTHURIAN ROMANCE, "TRISTAN UND ISOLDE."



PARSIFAL: A DESIGN FOR THE TITLE CHARACTER IN THE FIRST SCENE OF WAGNER'S OPERA.



KLINGSOR, THE EVIL MAGICIAN REJECTED BY THE GRAIL BROTHERHOOD: A DESIGN FOR "PARSIFAL."



AMFORTAS, LEADER OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE HOLY GRAIL, SUPPORTED BY TWO OF HIS COMPANIONS AFTER HAVING BEEN WOUNDED BY KLINGSOR WITH THE SACRED SPEAR, TAKEN FROM HIM WHEN BEGUILLED BY THE WITCH-WOMAN, KUNDRY: DESIGNS FOR COSTUMES IN WAGNER'S "PARSIFAL."

Mr. Charles Ricketts, the famous artist, who was lately elected an R.A., has devoted much attention to theatrical design. His setting for "St. Joan" has been described as "one of the most beautiful things seen on the London stage." In 1926 the "Mikado" was "re-dressed" from his designs. We are now able to reveal pictorially the fact that he has also essayed a more ambitious subject, that of Wagnerian

opera. On a double page in this number we reproduce in colour some of his remarkably beautiful scenic settings for "Rheingold" and "Parsifal," the latter done some eighteen years ago. The above figure of Parsifal shows him as he appears in the opening scene, as a simple youth shooting birds with bow and arrow, before he hears the story of the Grail knights and resolves to recover the sacred spear.

Wonderful Settings for Wagnerian Opera by a Famous Artist: Ricketts Designs for "Rheingold" and "Parsifal."

FROM THE PAINTINGS BY CHARLES RICKETTS, R.A. BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)

THE CASTLE OF
VALHALLA BUILT FOR
WOTAN AND FRICKA
BY THE GIANTS
FASER AND FASLET.
A DESIGN FOR
ACT I SCENE II
OF "RHEINGOLD."



THE ROCK IN THE
HYPER DEPTHS
WITH THE DAZZLING
RHINE GOLD GUARDED
BY THE RHINE
MAIDENS. A DESIGN
FOR ACT I SCENE I
OF "RHEINGOLD."



In view of the infusion of Wagner's "Der Ring des Nibelungen" in the Opera Season at Covent Garden, these remarkable designs by Mr. Charles Ricketts are of special interest. "Rheingold," it will be remembered, is the first of the four operas composing the "Ring," and the first scene is laid in the depths of the Rhine. The second shows Valhalla, the new palace of Wotan, chief of the gods. "Parsifal," the last of Wagner's operas, tells the story of the Knights of the Holy Grail and their struggles with Klingsor, the magician. Mr. Ricketts, it may be recalled, was recently elected an R.A. He informs us that his "Parsifal" settings have been in his portfolio of theatre designs for more than eighteen years. Some of his costume designs for this opera appear, in colour, on page 1.



KLINGSOR, THE MAGICIAN, ON THE STEPS OF HIS ENCHANTED CASTLE; AND KUNDRY, THE WOMAN WHOM HE COMPELS TO BEWITCH AMFORTAS: ACT. II. SCENE I. OF "PARSIFAL."

THE SACRED WOOD AROUND THE SANCTUARY OF THE HOLY GRAIL ON MONTSALVAT: SCENE I. OF "PARSIFAL"—WITH THE KNIGHT, GURNEMANZ, RESTING.

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REVOLT IN RUMANIA: THE PEASANT CONGRESS AT ALBA JULIA.



THE HUGE CONGRESS OF THE RUMANIAN NATIONAL (OR TSARANIST) PARTY AT ALBA JULIA: SOME OF THE 100,000 WHO TOOK THE OATH TO "STRIVE UNCEASINGLY" TO DRIVE OUT THE CABINET, DESCRIBED AS "A SCOURGE OF GOD."



THE MARCH OF THE PEASANTS: MEN FROM THE MOUNTAINS ON THEIR LONG WALK TO ALBA JULIA FOR THE CONGRESS OF THE NATIONAL PEASANT PARTY.



TRUCKS COMMANDEERED BY THE PEASANTS: DEMONSTRATORS AGAINST THE RUMANIAN GOVERNMENT ON THE WAY TO ALBA JULIA FOR THE CONGRESS.

On May 6 a remarkable meeting took place at Alba Julia, when the great Congress of the Rumanian National Peasant (or Tsaranist) Party, which was summoned in March after the Bucharest demonstration against the Liberal Government had failed to cause the resignation of the Bratianu Cabinet, passed what the "Times" Balkan correspondent has called "resolutions much more violent than those at any previous congress." To quote the same authority: "The demonstrators assembled in the enormous, L-shaped market-place, which they almost filled. The actual business of the Congress was transacted in the theatre by 676 delegates, representing 71 districts. . . . The crowd took the oath, which was read out to them by M. Sever-Bocu, in the following words: 'We swear by God to

strive unceasingly to drive out this Cabinet which was appointed by a Royal Decree basely extorted from King Ferdinand on his death-bed and maintained like a scourge of God by the Regency, even after the death of Jonel Bratianu.' This formula was repeated by many thousands of bare-headed peasants sentence by sentence, while a priest, standing on the platform beside M. Bocu, held out a Crucifix before them." In connection with the meeting, it is interesting to recall a reported statement of Rumanian officials at the League of Nations, who are said to have affirmed that Prince Carol's name was never even mentioned at the Alba Julia Congress, and that so far as Rumania is concerned the question of his return no longer exists.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY—ROYAL; SPORTING; GENERAL.



ONE OF THE FIRST PUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPHS OF PRINCESS ELIZABETH AS A "TODDLER": A GAME OF HIDE-AND-SEEK IN THE GARDEN OF THE DUKE OF YORK'S HOUSE IN PICCADILLY—SHOWING THE LITTLE PRINCESS LOOKING FOR ONE OF HER COUSINS, WHO IS HIDING BEHIND A NURSE.

Hitherto most, if not all, of the published portraits of little Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York, have shown her being carried or riding in perambulator or carriage. The above photographs, therefore, have a special interest as being among the first to be made public showing her running about. It is evident that she is a sturdy child and firm on her feet. The photographs were taken recently.



THE THREE GRANDCHILDREN OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF YORK'S LONDON HOME: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) MARY VISCOUNTSSE LASCELLES, PRINCE ELIZABETH, AND THE HON. GERALD LASCELLES.



AT PLAY TOGETHER IN THE GARDEN OF THE DUKE OF YORK'S LONDON HOME: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) PRINCE ELIZABETH, AND THE HON. GERALD LASCELLES.



THE TWO-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK FIRM ON HER FEET AND ABLE TO HOLD HER OWN IN A ROMP WITH BOY COUSINS: PRINCESS ELIZABETH WITH THE HON. GERALD LASCELLES (ON LEFT) IN THE GARDEN OF HER PARENTS' HOUSE IN PICCADILLY.

In the garden behind the Duke's London house at 145, Piccadilly, Princess Elizabeth is seen enjoying a romp with her first cousin, the Hon. George and the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, sons of Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles and Viscount Lascelles. The two boys were born, respectively, on February 7, 1923, and August 21, 1924. Princess Elizabeth was born on April 21, 1926.



THE LADIES' OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT HUNSTANTON: FLAGS OF COMPETING NATIONS FLYING OUTSIDE THE CLUB HOUSE AS A PLAYER DROVE OFF—THE GERMAN FLAG MISSING AS FRÄULEIN LUDIA REMCKE HAD ONLY ENTERED AT THE LAST MOMENT.

The Ladies' Open Golf Championship began on May 14. The flags of the competing nations were flown from the flagstaff of the Club House, but the German flag was missing. This was due to the fact that Germany's representative, Fräulein Remcke, had entered at the last moment, and there had not been time to get a flag.



THE "GALLERY" AT THE BRITISH OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT THE ROYAL GOLF CLUB, HUNSTANTON: THE PRINCE OF WALES (CAPTAIN OF THE CLUB) MAKING HIS SPEECH AFTER HE HAD WON THE EVENT FOR THE THIRD TIME.

Walter Hagen's victory in the British Open Golf Championship was especially remarkable in that it followed that extraordinary 72-hole match with Archie Compston which the American lost by 18 holes up and 17 to play. Such a beating might have "got on the nerves" of a less experienced player. In Hagen's case it merely acted as a spur. Hagen, as we note



ST. GEORGE'S, SANDWICH: THE SPECTATORS WATCHING WALTER HAGEN UNDER THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING HIM MAKING HIS SPEECH AFTER THE PRINCE OF WALES HAD PRESENTED HIM WITH THE CUP, RETURNED A SCORE OF 292. ARCHIE COMPTON, HIS RIVAL OF THE OTHER DAY, TOOK 295. THE "TIMES" SAYS: "THERE ARE OTHER GOLFERS AS GOOD AS HE IS, AND ONE OR TWO BETTER; BUT AS A FIGHTER HE IS IN A LITTLE CLASS ALL BY HIMSELF."

under the photograph showing him making his speech after the Prince of Wales had presented him with the cup, returned a score of 292. Archie Compston, his rival of the other day, took 295. The "Times" says: "There are other golfers as good as he is, and one or two better; but as a fighter he is in a little class all by himself."



THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP: WALTER HAGEN, OF THE U.S.A., MAKING HIS SPEECH AFTER HE HAD WON THE EVENT FOR THE THIRD TIME—THE PRINCE OF WALES (CAPTAIN OF THE CLUB) WITH THE CUP, WHICH HE HAD JUST PRESENTED.

At the Royal St. George's, Sandwich, Walter Hagen won the Open Golf Championship on May 11 and thus secured the coveted trophy for the third time in his career. The cup was presented to him by the Prince of Wales acting in his capacity as Captain of the Club. Hagen's total was 292. E. Strazen, U.S.A., was second, with 294.



THE STATE INSTALLATION OF KNIGHTS GRAND CROSS OF THE BATH AT WESTMINSTER: THE KING IN THE PROCESSION—IN HIS ROBES AS SOVEREIGN OF THE ORDER. (THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, GREAT MASTER, IN FRONT OF HIM.)

On May 11, the King, Sovereign of the Order of the Bath, attended the installation of Knights Grand Cross in their stalls in King Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster. The procession assembled in the Chapter House of the Abbey, and entered the church by the West Cloister Door. Part of the ceremony took place in the Choir, the presiding in the Chapel of the Order. The Duke of Connaught is the Great Master of the Order.



KNIGHTS GRAND CROSS OF THE ORDER OF THE BATH INSTALLED IN THEIR STALLS: KING HENRY THE SEVENTH'S CHAPEL AT WESTMINSTER: THE PROCESSION OF G.C.S. HEADED BY LORDS BEATTY AND READING, LEAVING THE ABBEY.

The Knights Grand Cross installed on this occasion were Lord Bradbury, Lieut.-Col. Sir Maurice Hankey, Sir H. L. Smith, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Charles Madden, Field-Marshal Lord Alton, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Wester-Wemyss, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Alfred Keogh, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Henry Jackson, John Maxwell, and Admiral of the Fleet Lord Jellicoe. The old and picturesque ceremony was, of course, followed throughout.



THE PARTIAL COLLAPSE OF COFTON TUNNEL, ON THE L.M.S. MAIN LINE BETWEEN BIRMINGHAM AND BRISTOL, WHICH WAS IN PROCESS OF DEMOLITION: THE SCENE AFTER THE FALL OF THE MASONRY.

A section of Cofston Tunnel fell on May 11 while it was being prepared for demolition. Four men were killed and several were injured. For over two years men have been removing earth in order to convert the tunnel into an open cutting. At the time of the accident, only the brick walls and the arch remained, and these were to have been blown up on the Sunday. The dead men were killed by falling masonry. About 200 tons collapsed.



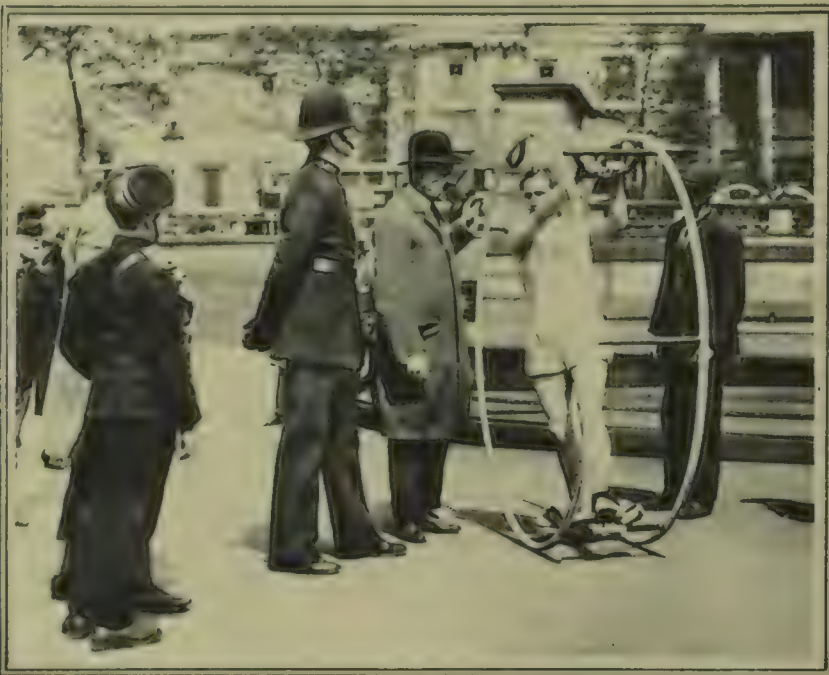
WELL ALIGHT: FIGHTING THE BLAZE AT CLARKE'S WOOD-WOOL FACTORY, OLD FORD ROAD, E., A FIRE IN WHICH A THOUSAND TONS OF TIMBER AND OTHER INFLAMMABLE MATERIALS WERE INVOLVED.

The fire broke out on May 14, and was very fierce. Involved were a thousand tons of timber, fifty tons of wood-wool, and a quantity of coke and anthracite. Over a hundred and twenty firemen were engaged to say nothing of salvage men. At midnight a fire-boat from Blackfriars made its way up the canal and joined in the fire-fighting. This used its high-power searchlight to illuminate the burning debris, with most eerie effect.

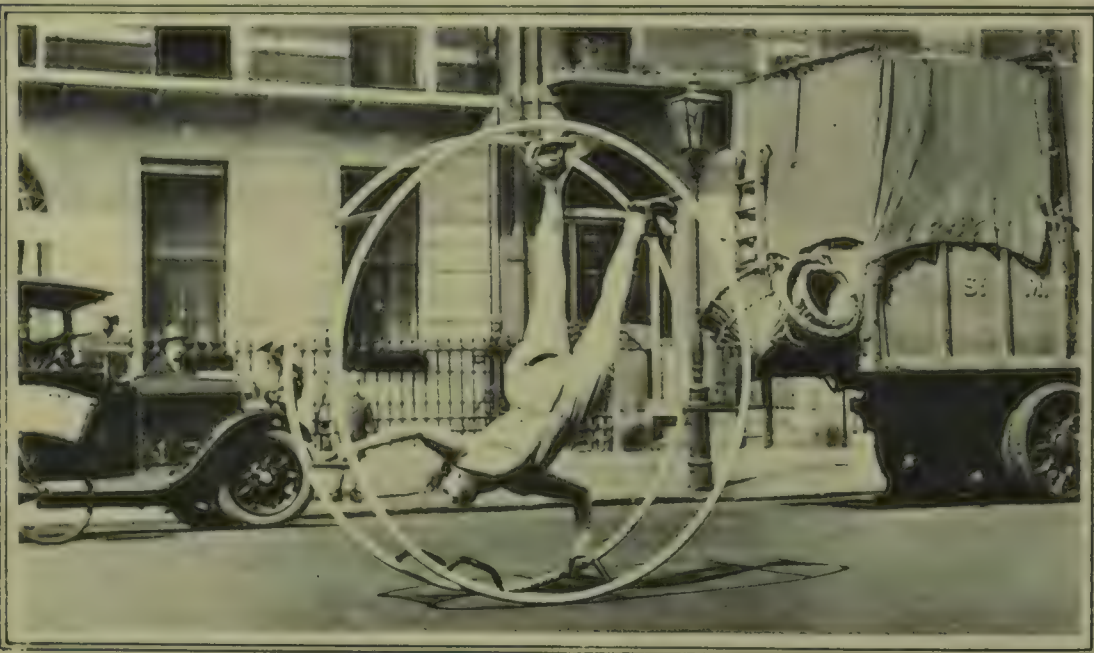
THE WHEEL OF HYGIEA: A NEW FORM OF GYMNASTICS SEEN IN LONDON.



AN UNCOMMON SIGHT IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE: A WOMAN GYMNAST DEMONSTRATING THE USES OF THE AYRO WHEEL IN PRACTISING INVERTED EQUILIBRIUM.

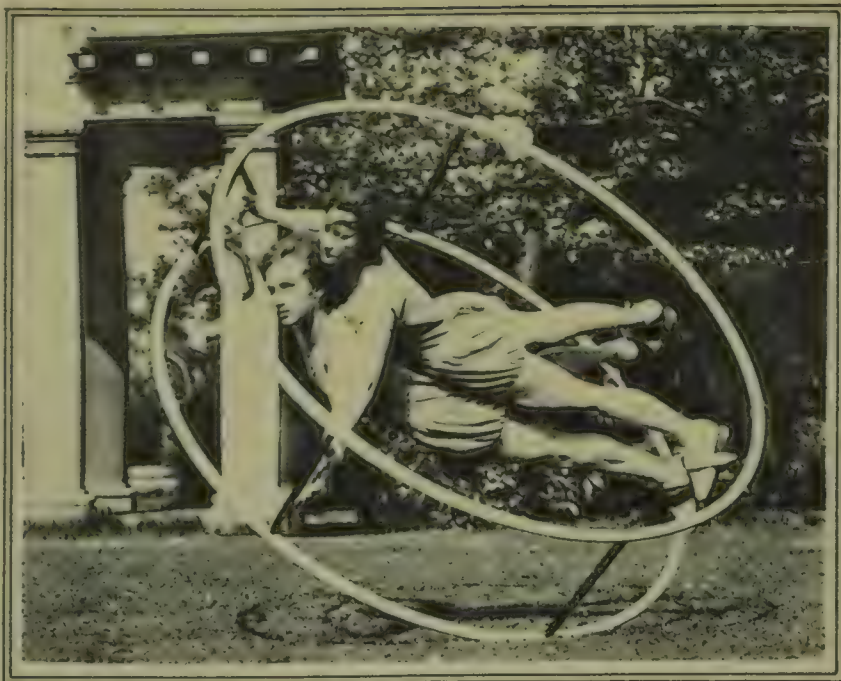


THE METROPOLITAN POLICE INTERESTED IN THE GYRATIONS OF THE AYRO WHEEL: A REFRESHING CHANGE FROM POLITICAL DEMONSTRATIONS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.



A NOVEL METHOD OF TURNING STREET SOMERSAULTS AMID LONDON TRAFFIC: A FAIR PERFORMER ON THE AYRO WHEEL PROCEEDING ALONG PORTLAND PLACE.

The wheel is an ancient device that has been put to various uses. It is associated with locomotion, with luck, and (in former times) with torture. Now the Wheel of Fortune has become the Wheel of Hygiea, goddess of health. The Ayro Wheel, illustrated here, is an ingenious gymnastic appliance which is obviously capable of providing a great variety of exercises, pleasurable to perform and graceful to watch. It has not only been demonstrated in Trafalgar Square and in London streets, but the same performers have just been included in the programme of the Coliseum, where their "turn" has aroused much popular interest. An introducer explained that this form of wheel was originally invented,



AN ANCIENT INSTRUMENT OF TORTURE BECOMES A MODERN APPLIANCE FOR PHYSICAL CULTURE: A "DUET" OF GRACEFUL EVOLUTIONS ON THE AYRO WHEEL.



WITH ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH AND THE NATIONAL GALLERY AS "BACKCLOTH" INSTEAD OF THE COLISEUM STAGE: A TURN OF THE AYRO WHEEL BEFORE A TRAFALGAR SQUARE AUDIENCE.



REPORTED TO HAVE BEEN APPROVED BY THE ARMY: THE AYRO WHEEL—EXERCISES IN A LONDON STREET.

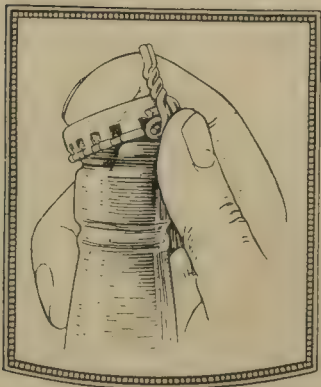
on the Continent, for the purpose of accustoming airmen to disturbances of equilibrium and the sensations of "looping-the-loop" or flying upside down. The Ayro Wheel is reported to have been tested at Aldershot and approved by the Army authorities. It seems likely to prove a valuable means of training also for the Air Force, the Police, and the Fire Brigade. It can be used in or out of doors, and on any kind of smooth surface. Some very similar wheels, of various sizes, were illustrated in our issue of August 7, 1926, being used by girl and boy gymnasts at Salzburg. It was then stated that these wheels were the invention of a German.

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APPLIED, HAS ENABLED IT TO ACQUIRE
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BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE fallacy that romance is dead was long ago killed by Mr. Kipling, but it is still sometimes suggested that the opening of the world to modern knowledge has destroyed its mystery, and that there is hardly anything left worth doing in the way of adventure. I have a score of books before me, however, indicating that the lure of strange lands is stronger than ever, and the fact that they may be known to others, or described in geographies, does not lessen the charm of novelty for the new visitor. Peace hath her perils, as well as her "victories no less renowned than war," and there are still plenty of thrills for those who care to seek them.

Women nowadays emulate men in the search for new tests of courage and endurance. Prominent among them is the author of "ADVENTURE." By Rosita Forbes. Being a Gipsy Salad—some Incidents, Excitements, and Impressions of twelve highly-seasoned years. With four Colour-plates by Robin d'Erlanger (Cassell; 15s.). Mrs. Forbes has faced "the bright eyes of danger" in many queer and far-off places—in the African desert, in the strongholds of the Senussi and of Raisuli, in the wilds of Abyssinia, the jungles of New Guinea, and the war-stricken regions of China. Here she gives us the cream of her experiences in these various enterprises in a book of extraordinary fascination, where hardships and escapes from tight corners are told in a vein of light-hearted humour mingled with shrewd reflection. We learn, for instance, how an Arab once came by night to stab her in her tent, how she fired at him with a revolver through her sleeping-bag, and how she received later from a friendly Sheikh a turquoise toe-ring wet with the Arab's blood. Hollywood itself could hardly improve on that.

No one is better qualified than Rosita Forbes to discuss the quality of courage, and very interesting are her chapters on this virtue and its relative incidence in man and woman. She agrees with Alan Breck that "to be afraid of a thing and yet to do it is what makes the prettiest kind of man." Her own version has a bearing, perhaps, on the question of the death penalty in the Army. "The test of courage is the fight it can put up against fear. The finest pluck is that of the self-conscious coward who forces himself into battle." Again, she writes: "What we call physical pluck is a question of nerves, digestion, lack of imagination, or sheer rage. . . . It is not brave to do a thing of which you are not afraid." Like all truly courageous people, she depreciates her own powers, and confesses that, although "not afraid of natives, deserts, and fighting," she is "terrified of ghosts."

The earlier life of one of the bravest and ablest women of our time is recalled in "PERSIAN PICTURES." By Gertrude Bell. With a Preface by Sir E. Denison Ross (Benn; 10s. 6d.). It was her later career (recently commemorated by a church window at East Rounton, near Northallerton) that evoked her courage and force of character. The present volume is rather a garland of quiet impressions, gathered in youth, and "the fruit of her first excursion into the East." It was in 1892, at the age of twenty-four, that she went to Teheran on a visit to her uncle, Sir Frank Lascelles, just appointed Minister there. These essays are delightful, and bear on every page the stamp of genius. "Like Kinglake's *Edthen*," writes Sir E. Denison Ross, "this little book is free from all details of geographical discovery or antiquarian research, from all political disquisitions and from all useful statistics. It is a book of travel to be classed with that choice group of English works which include Young's *Travels* and Borrow's *Bible in Spain*."

Of Gertrude Bell's descriptive style many exquisite specimens might be quoted. I choose one, not as being specially remarkable above the rest, but as having acquired fresh connotations in the light of recent history and the establishment of a new and progressive dynasty in Persia. "We were next taken," she writes, "to see the world-famous Peacock Throne, which is reported to have been brought from Delhi by a conquering Shah. A scarlet carpet sewn with pearls covered its floor, on which the King sits cross-legged in Eastern fashion, surrounded by a blaze of enamel and precious stones. A year ago this throne had been the centre of a hideous story of cupidity and palace intrigue. Who can tell what forgotten crimes have invested its jewels with their cruel, tempting glitter?"

From the Peacock Throne I pass to a book wherein the form, rather than the hue, of that gaudiest among birds has a symbolic and religious significance—"THE CULT OF THE PEACOCK ANGEL": A Short Account of the Yezidi Tribes of Turkestan. By R. H. W. Empson. With a commentary by Sir Richard Carnac Temple, Bt. Illustrated from Photographs (Witherby; 15s.). The author acknowledges a debt "to the late Miss Gertrude Bell for additional facts

concerning the Temple, and to certain past writers on the subject of devil worship." Despite what the Americans would call a "colourful" title, this volume is not one of those designed to "tickle the groundlings." It does not attempt, as it were, to "paint the peacock" by describing in lurid colours the rites of his Satanic divinity. It cannot, in fact, be wholly acquitted of "antiquarian research."

The Yezidis, it appears, are not really so black as journalism has been known to paint them, and their creed hardly rivals the blasphemy of the Black Mass. "The popular appellation of 'Devil Worshipers,'" says Mr. Empson, "is rather a misnomer, as they are not, in fact, so much worshippers of the Evil One, as his propitiators. . . . Their conciliatory attitude is governed rather by fear than love." Sir Richard Temple tells us: "The Yezidis have two Evil Spirits, which are more or less mixed up—Shaitân (i.e., Satan), and Melak Tâ-ûs, the Lord Peacock. . . . The Muslims know the Biblical story of the temptation of Eve (Hawwâ) by Shaitân, disguised as a serpent in Eden, and add that a peacock (tâ ûs) was the intermediary between them. The serpent was 'punished by God (Allah), but the peacock escaped. . . . The fear of

The credit for the abolition of *suttee* in British India, the author points out, is due almost entirely to one man—Lord William Bentinck, who was appointed Governor-General of India in 1827, and "took over" in July 1828. An English clergyman's share in the promulgation of the decree is vividly described. "On Sunday morning, Dec. 5, 1829, a document was brought to the Rev. William Carey, with the Governor-General's request that he would translate it. 'It was nothing less (says the good parson's biographer) than the famous edict abolishing *sati* throughout British dominions in India! Springing to his feet and throwing off his black coat, he cried, 'No church for me to-day! . . . If I delay an hour to translate and publish this, many a widow's life may be sacrificed,' he said. By evening the task was finished."

Lord William's humane law provoked fierce opposition, and not merely among Hindus. A certain Mr. Francis Bathie brought to London, from Calcutta, a huge petition for the restoration of *suttee*, but his efforts were frustrated by the influence of a progressive Hindu, Rammohan Ray, who was then in England. "His services," we read, "were a fitting crown to the brave life of the great Indian. Next year he died, and his body lies in an English churchyard." There are always people ready to support suffering—for somebody else, and even to-day *suttee* seems to have its advocates in the West. That hideous custom was a blot on India's civilisation and a bar to her progress. It was no natural part of "the heritage of Eve" to which Rosita Forbes refers, but it certainly exemplified the wonderful courage of women.

I conclude by commending briefly to the lovers of travel and hunting literature other new books of varied attractions, of which Africa provides four. "A GAME RANGER ON SAFARI." By A. Blayney Percival, late of the Kenya Colony Game Department. Edited by E. D. Cuming. Illustrated (Nisbet; 15s.), is a record of the chase, but the author was "primarily a naturalist," and considered that "live animals are far more interesting than dead." A politician devoting a period of leisure, after a failure at the polls, to "study of the vast Empire for which he had aspired to legislate," recounts his experiences—partly by motor-car—in "MY TWO AFRICAN JOURNEYS." By Frank Gray. With forty-one illustrations and maps (Methuen; 15s.). An American zoological specimen collecting expedition, including perilous climbs after ibex on the Simien precipices, is chronicled in "SAVAGE ABYSSINIA." By James E. Baum, of the Field Museum Abyssinia Expedition. Illustrated from original photographs (Cassell; 12s. 6d.). One of "the small grey company before the pioneers" and "known throughout East Africa for the last twenty-five years as 'King of the Kikuyu'" (to quote Lord Cranworth's foreword) spins many a camp-fire yarn in "THE COMPANY OF ADVENTURERS." By John Boyes, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S. Illustrated ("East Africa," 91, Great Titchfield Street; 16s.).

The Far East is represented by a book apiece from two countries very much "in the news." From Japan comes an instalment of a novel that eclipses our "three-deckers" for length. The new volume (which is not the last) is called "BLUE TROUSERS." Being the fourth Part of "The Tale of Genji." By Lady Murasaki. Translated from the Japanese by Arthur Waley (George Allen and Unwin; 10s. 6d.). "The Tale of Genji" has been hailed as "a Japanese masterpiece," finely translated. Experiences in China in 1913-14 are described in "MY NIGHTMARE JOURNEY." By Dorothy Fox (Beddow, Anerley, and Simpkin, Marshall, 7s. 6d.), with many attractive photographs. In "YOUTH GOES EAST." By the Earl of Cardigan. Illustrated (Nash; 10s. 6d.), we are not taken further East than Constantinople. It is a chatty and amusing account of a motoring tour across Europe to the Balkans; luckily for the motorists, before the earthquakes. In Rumania they met Prince Nicholas, and wondered what would have happened if he had been the eldest son, instead of Prince Carol.

From the East (Far and Near) we fare far away to the West in "MOSTLY MISSISSIPPI." By Harold Speakman. With Drawings by Russell Lindsay Speakman (his wife) and the Author, and end-paper Map (Arrowsmith; 16s.). This is a vivacious record of a trip by canoe and houseboat down the whole course of the Mississippi from source to mouth. It includes an interesting talk with an old lady who was a childhood friend of Mark Twain and the original of Becky Thatcher in "Tom Sawyer." There are also some reminiscences of Dickens in Ohio, and his wrath at the piracies of American publishers, who, however, "were breaking no international copyright law because there was none to break." What royalties he would have got from America to-day! C. E. B.



"PRESUMABLY THE ORPHEUS CUP COMMANDED OF BENVENUTO CELLINI BY HIS PATRON FRANÇOIS I. OF FRANCE": A VERY NOTABLE PIECE IN THE EXHIBITION OF ART TREASURES AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES.

This remarkable cup is described as follows in the catalogue of the great Exhibition of Art Treasures now being held at the Grafton Galleries, in Grafton Street, under the auspices of the British Antique Dealers' Association, an exhibition which, very deservedly, is an outstanding attraction of the season: "The Orpheus Cup. Of enamelled gold. Ovoid body enamelled inside and out with hunting subjects. The stem is of dull gold, a kneeling male figure supporting the bowl, and the base is enamelled with reptiles applied. The cover is richly ornamented with groups of eleven cupids and eighteen various animals, all enamelled and jewelled. The group on lid is Orpheus on one side and Diana the other. This is presumably the Orpheus Cup commanded of Benvenuto Cellini by his patron François I. of France. Cellini, however, died before its completion; hence we trace two hands. It is now identified for the first time. 7½ in. high.

From the collection of the late Baron Lionel de Rothschild.
By Courtesy of Mr. S. J. Phillips, 113, New Bond Street, W.

Shaitân is so great among the Yezidis that he is absolutely unmentionable."

Far more devilish than anything in Yezidi "Devil-worship" was the old Hindu custom of widow-burning (with or without the widow's consent). A recent case of voluntary self-immolation by a widow of eighteen, on her husband's funeral pyre, reported last month from Allahabad, shows that the practice is even now not quite extinct. Its history, including records of incredible holocausts of *harem* women, victims of misguided devotion or of cruel compulsion, is told in "SUTTEE": A Historical and Philosophical Enquiry into the Hindu Rite of Widow-Burning. By Edward Thompson. Illustrated (George Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.).



THE FINE ART OF COLLECTING.

XIII.—THE CHARM OF OLD ENGLISH SILVER.

By *ARTHUR HAYDEN*, Author of "*Bye-Paths in Collecting*," "*Chats on Old Silver*," "*Old Sheffield Plate*," etc.

It is in the Englishman's blood to ruminate over his old plate. Many of the records from the fifteenth century onwards contain references to silver plate by the possessors as to the disposition of greatly cherished objects. It is not infrequent in the eighteenth century to find wills bequeathing certain coverlets and many patient years of stitch-work



FIG. 1.—SILVER CANDELABRA MADE IN THE TIME OF GEORGE III.: AN EXQUISITELY BALANCED PAIR, SUGGESTING DERIVATION IN DESIGN FROM AN EARLIER PERIOD.

as a family relic to a familiar friend. It was Shakespeare who seemingly ironically left his "second-best bed" to his wife. Possibly had it been Molière we might have had a clearer insight. But as it is, posterity is left guessing.

The pride of possession of old silver in English families has a State guarantee. The gold and silver plate of this country has been subjected to stringent laws extending over five hundred years. Many other works of art may have doubtful ancestry. It is not always nowadays that art is received at its real value as beautiful or as satisfying to the buyer. It has become a dictum that objects of art must be verified by documentary evidence. This applies especially to an American public not wholly secure of their own judgment in art. But these labels, applied to antiques, suggest a dubiousness on the part of the buyer as not wholly believing in his own perspicacity. It may be difficult to establish exact incontrovertible evidence as to old furniture, because many owners, having lothfully to part with heirlooms, do not want the fact broadcast. As to pictures recently hanging in the galleries of great families, there is the same reticence. But documentary evidence thereto may be found elsewhere.

With all these postulates in view, it must be granted that English silver plate offers unparalleled advantages in regard to its State-guaranteed certificate. There are many technical points to master in regard to the subject. Perhaps we may tabulate them in order of importance—The Hall Mark, the Standard Mark, the Date Mark, the Maker's Mark, and then follow several other items for study—the Higher Standard Mark, the Duty Mark, and the Foreign Mark. But there is one factor we have left out: the instinctive recognition by the collector of the beauty of plate fashioned by a great artist. He seizes the beautiful, and he commences to audit and appraise hall marks and other definiteness afterwards.

Perhaps it may be proper to say here that the hall mark is only placed under statutory authority, and the system has existed since the reign of Edward I. in the thirteenth century. For those who require

further information, there is the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Hall-Marking of Gold and Silver Plate, published in 1879. In regard to the standard mark, it may suffice to say that it is the *lion passant*, which was termed in the reign of Elizabeth "Her Majesty's Lion." There are the leopard's head and all sorts of puzzling provincial marks from Exeter to Newcastle, and from Cork to Perth. This is not the occasion to offer a disquisition upon their differences.

It may, however, be suggested as a problem to collectors of silver plate to consider why their silver nowadays is finer than the silver coin of the realm. Although at the present time the silver plate is of the higher standard, it is not stamped with the "Britannia" as was done between 1697 and 1720. But that is a question not to be debated here. It is the fact that, leaving aside all relationship between the Royal Mint and the silver standard as protected by the Goldsmiths' Company, that great and ancient guild, silver, as stamped by the assay offices under their jurisdiction, has a greater intrinsic value than

silver coins issued by the Royal Mint, which nowadays have become tokens.

Accordingly, in approaching the antique, there is a serenity apart from all questions of modern exchanges. The collector is faced with a fine craftsmanship, and may win his ideal in possessing silver plate fashioned by silversmiths who loved their creations. To-day, in some cases, we only know their initials; but, all the same, we love those initials, and value their work as something exquisite.

It is the same problem that confronts the connoisseur of old prints when he has to accept the anonymity of the "Master of the Die," of the Master "I. B.," or the "Master of the Mousetrap," so called because he drew a mousetrap against his work in the sixteenth century. Therefore we find a similar question in the Rosewater Dish illustrated (Fig. 3), with the London hall mark 1610—just that year, by the way, when James I., under the rule of Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, failed to get a fixed income of two hundred thousands pounds a year in lieu of surrendered feudal rights. The maker's name

is "T. B.," conjoined, and the lovely ewer accompanying the dish is a fine piece of artistry. But T. B. he must remain till some assiduous antiquarian unearths his actual name. Then, for instance, there might run this entry, after long research (which, by the way, let it be said is quite imaginary): "Sent my gilt scalloped cup to Theobald Baldwin, near the Cockpit in St. James's, to have a new spout added. His price was rather great, so it seems to me." But even that, if it were authentic, would not help us much. We find T. B.; we take him; and those of us who are kind enough to stretch hands to such a fine piece of art as this James the First dish, and its accompanying ewer, with its mermaid grace and sprightliness, will welcome further enlightenment from old diaries. But such documentary evidence will only strengthen the belief that all lovers of art must feel in trespassing upon the unknown. A piece such as this comes from Shakespeare's days, who died in 1614. Whether our silversmith who fashioned it was a Catholic, or whatever he may have been, he must have been stirred by King James's Bible, produced in 1610. But there is never a word as to any rollicking nights he had at the Mermaid with Ben Jonson and others. He is just T. B., with no other publicity except this glorious creation.

To come to the sober age of Queen Anne, which



FIG. 2.—DATING FROM THE EARLIER DAYS OF GEORGE I.: A TEAPOT MADE BY SETH LOFTHOUSE, A FAMOUS SILVERSMITH OF THE PERIOD, BEARING THE LONDON HALL MARK 1719, AND THE MAKER'S INITIALS.

lasted only some twelve years. The adjective may not fit if one accepts the lampoon in regard to her statue opposite St. Paul's Cathedral. If homeliness were not a noticeable factor in her day, it shortly became so. A teapot illustrated (Fig. 2) belongs to the early days of George I. It is from the hand of a well-known maker, Seth Lofthouse, and offers clean and subdued work. His mark is usually L in an escutcheon with a small O with a fleur-de-lis below. Candelabra form quite an important part in the study of old silver. The illustration (Fig. 1) of a pair so exquisitely balanced, although appearing under the George III. era, suggests influences from an earlier period. They are a very desirable possession.

Finally, as to the collection of old silver, it may be advanced that no trade other than that of the silversmith is more protected by Acts of Parliament, nor so closely placed under the governance of a great trade guild—the Goldsmiths Company of London—with Parliamentary legislation to safeguard various assay offices in England. Because of this great and unbroken tradition, the silver marks of this country have been respected as something sterling. The aftermath of the Great War has not shifted the English hall mark, nor is there any indication that it will change.

We speak now of the present; but as to antique silver and the glorious examples representing craftsmanship which may never come again, they must be revered and treasured because they offer a mirror to history, duly hall-marked. They are the heirlooms which great masters have left to posterity.



FIG. 3.—A MAGNIFICENT EXAMPLE OF EARLY SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY SILVERSMITH'S WORK: A ROSE-WATER DISH AND "MERMAID" EWER, OF JAMES I. PERIOD, WITH LONDON MARK 1610, AND THE MAKER'S MARK—"T. B."—CONJOINED.

Photographs on this page by Courtesy of Messrs. Crickton Brothers.



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Fashions & Fancies



An unusual bow of felt adorns the back of this new paribuntal straw, underlined with felt, which comes from Henry Heath's salons.

A Court of Brilliant Colours.

It is true that every year the newspaper headlines read: "Brilliant Court—Pageant of Beautiful Women." But this season the scene really justified the most extravagant pen pictures. The

Throne Room was a mass of hydrangeas, lilies, and roses, and, by a happy chance, the dresses of the débutantes glowed with the same exquisite tints. For the first time for many years, the overwhelming majority of the frocks were *real jeune fille* creations, with a charming air of youth and spontaneity about their full, many-flounced skirts. The Queen wore a beautiful dress of cream and gold lamé, scintillating with crystal and diamanté embroideries. The train was of Irish point lace, lined with gold chiffon tissue, which was stamped with a leaf-design. Above the broad blue riband of the Garter gleamed the great Koh-i-Noor, reflecting the lights of the diamond crown. The Duchess of York was in white, embroidered with diamanté, and Princess Mary in light emerald-green satin, the lovely colour of the shimmering beads emphasised by the magnificent emeralds which she wore. Shining satin *beauté*, bead-embroidered lace, and rich *velour-de-soie* were worn by many of "those presenting," completed with lamé and satin trains.

Débutante Dresses.

Although many of the débutantes wore coloured dresses, several had adhered to the custom of white, and one of the loveliest was worn by Miss Nancy Beaton, whose ancestress, Mary Beaton, was at the Court of Mary Queen of Scots. This dress was a fairylike affair of white chiffon with each flounce of the full crinoline skirt powdered with tiny silver stars. The tight-fitting corsage was of silver, and the train of flounced tulle also embroidered with myriads of stars. Another crinoline frock was of white net dotted with silk spots, and the train of silver lamé was bordered with a double frill of net to match the frock. Materials were softer and lighter than last year, even the trains being fashioned of *mousseline-de-soie* or *tulle-de-soie*. The dipping hemline was at its zenith in the flounced picture frocks of such gossamer fabrics that they fell naturally in flutes and frills as though the skilful hand of the dress designer had hardly been necessary. The flounced trains were an innovation, and made a very charming setting to the "old-fashioned" line of the dresses.

Tailored Modes for Town and Country.

An interesting display of tailored modes for the season's important sports fixtures in town and country was given recently at Burberrys in the Haymarket, S.W., the well-known authorities on matters of this nature. For the fashionable race meetings they showed many smart coats of Urber silk in really lovely shot colourings. These coats



are weatherproof, but have the appearance of an ordinary fashionable silk coat. Some have scarf collars, and the new shades of blue, mauve, and silver-grey are much in evidence. Then, for country meetings, there are coats in new tweeds which are as light as a frock, trimmed with glazed leather. One very smart model was in scarlet and grey checked Saxony, with a wide glazed leather belt and strappings in the same vivid red. Coats and skirts are in light Saxons and fine Cashmere, and a new golf suit is pictured on this page.

Straw Hats for the Season.

Many women complain that they experience difficulty in finding attractive summer hats which are not too small in the head or too wide in the brim. It must be remembered that Henry Heath, of 105, Oxford Street, W., study every type of head and make a speciality of every size. They have hosts of charming hats in "natural" coloured Bangkok and Baku straws in new fashionable shapes. From these salons come the two smart models pictured above. On the left is a paribuntal straw trimmed with felt, and on the right a navy-blue Baku adorned with scrolls of ribbon. Summer sports felts are obtainable in many colours.

Anniversary Offers.

A delightful way of inviting the general public to share in the rejoicings of their seventieth anniversary has been inaugurated by Gorrings, in the Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. Continuing until May 26, there are special anniversary offers in every department, affording wonderful opportunities for economical shopping. This anniversary, by the way, marks a romantic achievement in progress. Seventy years ago, a small shop was founded with two assistants, and from this humble beginning has developed the huge shopping centre which is known to-day all over the world. Here are a few typical anniversary offers. There are race ensembles with printed chiffon frocks and plain georgette coats trimmed to match, offered at 5 guineas, usually 7½ guineas; and georgette and lace two-piece models are only £4 19s. 6d. instead of 7½ guineas. In the sphere of jumpers and coatees, a characteristic quartette is pictured here. On the extreme left is a tinsel striped jumper at the special price of 17s. 6d., and the coatee in wool and artificial silk is 15s. Opposite is a washing crêpe-de-Chine overblouse at 29s. 6d.; formerly 37s. 6d.; and a lock-knit jumper with satin revers offered at 27s. 6d., instead of 35s. 9d.

A trim golfing outfit from Burberrys in the Haymarket, S.W. The suede coat is fastened all the way up with a "zip" fastening, and is made with a shoulder yoke to give freedom of movement.



Here is a quartette of special seventieth anniversary offers at Gorrings, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W. They are in wool and silk, and each is offered at a special price in honour of the event.



£1150 IN PRIZES for Needlewomen

1ST PRIZE £250
2ND PRIZE £100
3RD PRIZE £50
50 PRIZES OF £5
500 PRIZES OF £1



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and to send it on or before July 31st, to The Ladies' Needlework Committee, Shurdington, Cheltenham, Glos., where it will be judged by an impartial committee of Needlework Teachers and Examiners.

CONDITIONS.

To qualify for one of the prizes you must make the garments from Horrockses "Nymphalene" and stitch to your entry an invoice from the retailer who sells you the material, giving plain evidence of the purchase of Horrockses "Nymphalene," together with your name and address.

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P 108



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A tendency towards black and white for height-of-Summer wear is echoed in this new fashionable shoe.



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704 N

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THE REVENGE OF THE CONTINENTS AND THE LIBERTY OF THE SEAS.

(Continued from Page 900.)

uncontested before the war were false? Were they wrong to tell us that the mastery of the seas had been a decisive arm in all the great wars of Europe?

No; that doctrine was not false, so far as the wars of the last two centuries were concerned, and while the navies were used as a military arm and not as a means of economic pressure. In 1914 public opinion had confused these two forms of naval action. How was it that England had given the first serious blow to Napoleon's Empire, while she had only very limited land forces at her disposal? By disembarking contingents in the Iberian Peninsula during the Spanish insurrection. How had she in the middle of the nineteenth century aimed a blow at Russia from which it took that country thirty years to recover? By sticking a pin into the giant's heel: by attacking him, with the help of Allies, in the Crimea, a distant appendage of the immense Empire; by besieging and taking Sevastopol. How had she so many times forced China to give way? By attacking her at isolated spots on the coast. It was thus that she took possession of the ancient Empire of the Pharaohs in 1882, by bombarding Alexandria.

These successes had ultimately given rise to the belief that the earth would always be the slave of the ocean. But the cause of those successes lay in a condition which no longer exists or is on the verge of disappearing everywhere. Before the invention of railways the transport of troops by sea was much easier and more rapid than by land. The Power which was mistress of the sea possessed a suppleness and facility of movement as against the great Continental Empires which at certain moments might be decisive. That had been shown during the Napoleonic Wars. It was again proved during the Crimean War. England was able to beat Russia by seizing and taking Sevastopol with the help of her Allies because, not having any railways, Russia in the time of Nicholas I. could not send help to a town so far from the centre of the Empire. In the same way, China, when she was still an immense Empire governed by an absolute monarchy, could not resist attacks made upon her from the sea, because she had only a few soldiers spread over an enormous territory and could only move them very slowly. Japan, therefore, easily defeated her.

But to-day conditions are changed. At the beginning of the World War there was vague talk of disembarkations which were to be made on the coasts of Germany or Belgium. They never took place. Germany had such large and mobile forces at her disposal that any attempt to imitate what Wellington had done in Spain would have failed. Only one attempt at disembarking troops was made during the World War, and that was at Gallipoli in 1915. It failed. Why? Because in a few weeks considerable

reinforcements had been brought by railway to Turkey from Austria and Germany, and they saved Constantinople from the fate of Sevastopol. China does not possess a battle-ship; Europe and America have formidable naval forces at their disposal, but they are useless to us for putting even a little order into the affairs of China. Naval force no longer has any influence over the numerous armies which are disputing and pillaging China.

This is a change in the history of the world of which we must take account, for it has had and will have the gravest consequences. The British domination of the seas was, like the monarchical principle, one of the simple forces which preserved order in the world throughout the whole of the nineteenth century. Wherever disorder broke out, the British fleet showed itself, either alone or with forces drawn from less important fleets; and nearly always the disorder was brought to an end with greater or less rapidity. To-day the British fleet is doubled in the eyes of the rest of the world by an equally powerful American fleet. One single family of the white races, the Anglo-Saxon, possesses a naval force which should make the rest of the world tremble. But half the world is in a state of revolution, and the instrument which served so well to restore order in old days, when the world was smaller, is now practically useless.

We are faced with a real revenge on the part of the continents. The oceans also are inclined to emancipate themselves from the simple forces which dominated the world in the nineteenth century, by acquiring an autonomy which is everywhere heralded by great disorder. Will it be possible for the great fleets to find again, as a means of economic pressure, a part of that power of which the railways have robbed them as a military arm? The experience of the World War authorises us to doubt this. To convince oneself of this fact one need only make use of two fairly simple and probable hypotheses.

Let us suppose that a war were to break out between America and Great Britain, a war in which the two Powers should endeavour mutually to destroy all each other's commerce, as was attempted in the World War. It is evident that the war would become one of unimaginable ferocity, and that it would ruin not only the two belligerents, but the whole world. Half the commerce of the world would be destroyed. The blockade, such as it was understood in the World War, would become an instrument of extermination.

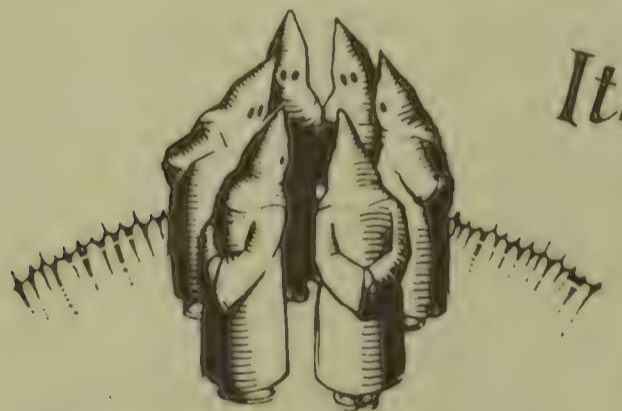
Let us suppose, on the other hand, that one of the dominant Powers, the United States or Great Britain, were at war with a great European continental Power like Germany or France. It is obvious that so long as she had any money or credit, Germany or France would find all she required in Europe or Asia. One does not see how the Power which dominated the sea could prevent the railways of the two continents from working in the service of her enemy, unless she were prepared to declare war against half the world. The maritime blockade of the Central Empires was able

to succeed because those Empires were at war on their eastern front with Russia—that is to say, because they were also blockaded by land. The dominating maritime Powers had a valuable ally on the Continent.

Need we be astonished, in these circumstances, if the question of the liberty of the seas, which was eliminated from the Peace Congress, is gradually rising up again? Ought we to be surprised that, writing in a great English review, Colonel House, the principal collaborator with President Wilson during the war and the discussions for the Treaty of Peace, lately published an article proposing that Great Britain and the United States should recognise the complete and unconditional liberty of the seas—that is to say, absolute respect for private property at sea during naval warfare?

Great fleets are organs whose function has been in process of change during the last generation. We are beginning to perceive that they can no longer play the part which they did during the nineteenth century in the balance of the new world. But we do not yet see clearly what part they will play in the future or to what limits they will be subject. Therefore, one understands why the great naval Powers are anxious. They want to know why they have to spend so much money, and whither their efforts to keep the mastery of the sea may lead them, in view of the fact that, thanks to the railways, the continents are recovering their autonomy.

On May 22 and 23 a very interesting sale of rare cognacs and old wines will take place at "Spinfeld," Marlow, the residence of Mr. Charles Stambois, and formerly of Lord Terrington. It includes 175 dozen bottles of some of the rarest cognac in the world, some dating from 1789. This is the St. Amant de Grave (about 19 dozen), besides 15 bottles of the same date from Versailles, which belonged to Marie Antoinette. There are also 10 dozen dedicated to the King of Rome 1811, 20 dozen from the cellars of Maréchal Ney, and 29½ dozen dated 1818 from the Tuileries. The sale of these *grande fine* champagne cognacs is one of the most important that has taken place for many years. Besides the cognacs, there are 167 dozen of vintage champagnes, including Bollinger 1914; just over 100 dozen of old vintage ports, about 126 dozen of fine old claret, 45 dozen of French white wines, including Chateau Y'Quem (1870, 1896, and 1900 vintages), fine old vintage sherries from the cellars of the late Baron Calthorpe, Imperial Tokay 1837 and 1763 from the Royal Cellars of the King of Saxony—the whole comprising 800 dozen. The sale will be conducted by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, of St. James's Square, S.W.



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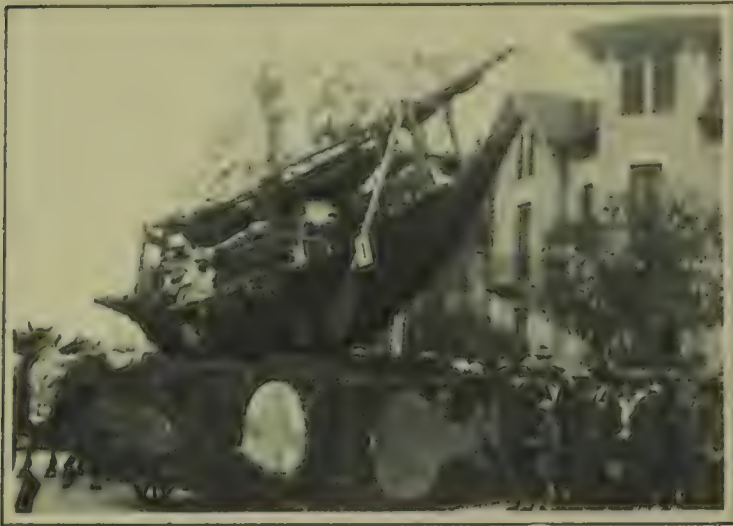
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THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE

(Continued from Page 893.)

improbabilities, for the complications that fail to stimulate either our interest or our ingenuity. Even the somewhat facile undercurrent of naughtiness



TUTANKHAMEN'S FUNERARY "FLAGSHIP" REPRODUCED AS A FLORAL CAR: A REMARKABLE ITEM IN THE PROCESSION DURING THE FÊTE OF THE CAMELIAS AT LOCARNO.

Locarno, the town of "Peace" fame, recently celebrated the Fête of the Camélias, and one of the floral cars in the corteggio represented the flagship of Tutankhamen's funeral fleet. This craft, which was illustrated in colour on a double-page in our issue of February 18 last, is the most elaborate of eighteen model ships, over 3000 years old, found in Tutankhamen's Tomb. The floral replica includes the central mast and sail, the stern paddles, the cabin amidships, and the pavilions on the poop and forecastle.

flows without much sparkle. To the perennial fascination of Miss Jeanne de Casalis, the naturalness and unconscious humour of Mr. Guy Newall, and the zest with which Mr. John Deverell plays himself, I would pay my tribute. The speed and *savoir faire* which they brought to their conventional parts did much to save the play from disaster. But my deepest regret, at the end of the evening, was that Mr. Hopwood had not succeeded in saving himself.

The other day, at the home of the English Speaking Union in Berkeley Square, I watched Miss Eva Saunderson give a single-handed performance of "Captain Brassbound's Conversion." A bare platform, a table, and chair were all the furniture and settings she used, but so skilfully did she contrive her performance that the poverty of her stage proved an asset rather than a handicap. She had enough personality and invention to carry off her difficult undertaking with commendable success. For Shaw does not often lend aid to the young player by providing an engrossing narrative, nor is he the easiest of dramatists for studies in characterisation. His figures move in a peculiar atmosphere. They have movement, but no inner compulsion. For them nothing is impossible except the normal. But Miss Saunderson, by dint of a lively appreciation of his style, a sensibility to his hard, bright dialogue and sharp sense of situation, kept interest and good humour alive. There is a deadly chemistry in the Shaw vocabulary that destroys the player

who has not mastered its deep secret. Miss Saunderson has the trick of it, and I must applaud her amazing memory and the fluency which gave so much point to the badinage and wilfulness and preserved the buoyancy of the play. This, of course, was primarily due to the briskness which gave pace to the dialogue, for

the dramatic clash is mainly verbal and does not spring from the conflict of suddenly revealed character. The nature of Shaw's drama precluded any opportunity of discovering how far Miss Saunderson would succeed with deeper interpretations, but her intelligent reading and nicely differentiated studies reveal latent possibilities. A pleasant and well-controlled voice and an easy manner put her at once on good terms with her audience. Her performance in the gallery of Shavian characters presented in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion" was not only interesting in itself, but full of promise, and she heartily deserved the generous applause she won.



A MINIATURE ENGLISH FARMYARD FOR THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION: A STRIKING GROUP OF MODELS, WITH SOME HUMAN FIGURES, INCLUDING A POLICEMAN AND A WOMAN WITH A CAMERA.

At the Canadian National Exhibition, to be held at Toronto in August, will be displayed over fifty models of British pedigree farm stock, including horses, cattle, pigs, and sheep, specially made for the Empire Marketing Board, by Mr. T. Ivester Lloyd, of Buckinghamshire. Mr. Lloyd, who is a practical farmer, has spent four months in preparing the models, taking great care that all the animals should be correctly proportioned. They have passed the scrutiny of various breeding societies. The Empire Marketing Board is conducting researches, through the Ministry of Agriculture, to improve the quality of famous British pedigree breeds.

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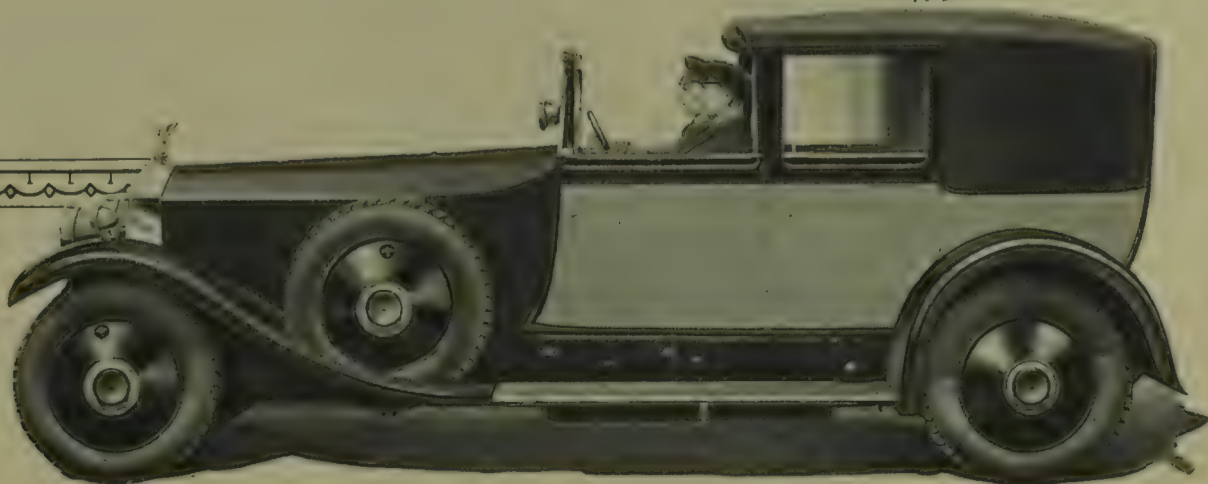
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(Continued.)

your fill of adventurous beauty, and gallant white men, and mummy gold. This is not to disparage "The Moon-Dial." It is a stirring and picturesque novel, which should create a demand at the libraries. Mr. Torrington is a generous writer, and he does not spare sensational effects. There was once a novel that compressed the most dramatic incidents of the Indian Mutiny into a week of the lives of its principal characters. Something of this kind happens in "The Moon-Dial." All the excitement that might be looked for in a long life in modern Egypt is packed into its twenty-six chapters. And, over and above, there are the thrills that are so much better to read about than to experience, the thrills that definitely locate Moon-Dial Egypt in the Islands of the Blest.

With the advent of the 1928 summer season the care and upkeep of lawns and grassland becomes once more of paramount importance, and synonymous with lawn and park cultivation occurs the name of Thomas Green and Son, Ltd., of Leeds and London, who again are offering the results of their ninety years' experience in manufacturing every class of mower, both hand and power. Models suitable for the suburban lawn, the rolling fairway of a golf-course, or the immaculate expanse of a sports ground or park, are available, embodying many improvements in construction, and in some cases substantial reductions in price. Among the range of hand machines ranks the new "Supreme," which is fitted with ball-bearings encased in dust-proof housings. It has eight cutters, and the cylinder is reversible and self-sharpening. This machine is practically noiseless, and leaves a fine even surface, so essential to smart lawns, golf, and bowling greens. The prices range from the 10 in. at £7 5s. to the 16 in. at £11 10s. The new "Popular" model, fitted with ball-bearings on the cylinder-shaft, is in great demand. It is made in three sizes—10 in., 12 in., 14 in., at £5 15s., £6 5s., and £7 10s. respectively. The "Silens Messor de Luxe" model, made in three sizes, at £12 12s. for the 12 in., £14 5s. for the 14 in., and £15 15s. for the 15 in., is probably the finest hand-mower made, incorporating as it does every possible aid, and accessory to render hand-mowing a pleasure. A complete catalogue may be obtained from Thomas Green and Son, Ltd., Smithfield Iron Works, Leeds, or New Surrey Works, Southwark Street, London, S.E.1.

CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4025.—By CARL G. BROWN.
(K5B1; 3P4; 3R3; 1PPP4; 2K6; 2P2P2; 4Kt3; BQ6. In two moves.)
Key-Move: KtB1 (Sci).

If 1. — KQ5, 2. QK4; if 1. — PB7, 2. QKt3; if 1. — PKt5, 2. QQ3; if 1. — PQ5, 2. QKt3; and if 1. — PK4, 2. QK4.

A very neat little problem with a "let-through" of the QB, two self-blocks, and a double self pin (of the QP). The key-move, though it concedes a flight square, is not difficult to find, and there have been fewer wrong solutions than usual.

PROBLEM No. 4027.—By J. MONTGOMERIE (FETTES COLLEGE).

BLACK (10 pieces).



WHITE (11 pieces).

In Forsyth notation: 4B3; 1P6; P3P2; K2KR2; 2KtKtP2; 2Pp3; Q1P1P3; Rbkt1B3.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4022 received from George Parbury (Singapore); of No. 4024 from E Cantelo White and John Hannan (New York), C K Thomas (Ithaca, N.Y.), and R B Cooke (Portland, Maine); of No. 4025 from H Heshmat (Cairo), L Homer (Toulon), Antonio Ferreira (Porto), T C Marcos (Avila), Rev. L D Hildyard (Rowley), Charles Willing (Philadelphia), C K Thomas (Ithaca, N.Y.), P Cooper (Clapham), and F B N (Vigo); and of No. 4026 from L W Cafferata (Newark), Rev. L D Hildyard (Rowley), E J Gibbs, C Stainer, M Heath and W Organ (London), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), H Burgess (St. Leonards), and F B N (Vigo).

The following game, from the Hastings Congress, is a good specimen of the sound and brilliant style of the Lady Chess Champion. It shows clearly that no allowances need be made on the score of sex for Miss Menchik, who can be trusted to put up an equal fight with any man outside the "master" class.

WHITE (A. Baratz.)	BLACK (Miss Menchik.)	WHITE (A. Baratz.)	BLACK (Miss Menchik.)
1. POKt3	PQ4	14. KtQ2	KtK4
2. BKT2	KtKB3	15. BB3	QR4
3. PK3		16. KtB1	
White would reap no advantage from B×Kt, which would leave his Q wing full of "holes."		If 16. PR4, B×Ktch!	
3. KtKB3	PKKt3	16.	Q×P
5. PKR3	BKt2	17. BK2	QR4
6. PKKt4	Castles	Black disdains the KKtP, and proceeds strategically.	
7. BKT2	PB4	18. PB4	KtB3
This horrid version of the double Fianchetto quite properly results in disaster. Both Bishops are "in the air," and presently Black threatens both with one stroke.		19. KB2	
7. PQ3	KtB3	He staggers into the fresh air.	
9. QKtQ2	BQ2	19.	QB2
10. KtB1		20. BB3	PQ5
This Kt advertises his destination, and Miss Menchik, having a surprise in store, ostentatiously looks the other way.		21. KtK4	P×Pch
10. KtKt3	Kt×P!!	22. KKt3	
This is a smart rap over the knuckles for White, who cannot play 12. B×B, because of Kt×P, threatening the Q and the other B; if 13. P×Kt, then 13. Q×Kt (ch), etc.		23. Kt×KP	BK1
12. P×Kt	B×B	24. QQB1	
13. QKRt1	BB6ch	The QBP is too hot.	
		24. PKR3	Q×BPch!
		26. KB2	
		He might as well have taken the Q and the hemlock. His position is hopeless, and 26. BK4 would have made an elegant finish.	
		26.	KtK4
		White resigns.	

The Brighton championship has been won by that fine player G. V. Butler, following worthily in his father's footsteps.

The new champion of India is Sultan Khan, a protégé of Nawab Sir Umar Hayat Kahn Tiwana, at whose residence the tournament took place. This has the true "Arabian Nights" flavour, and we hope the Rooks were Elephants and that the Nawab's house is somewhere in Xanadu.

We hope chess players will show practical appreciation of the enterprise of Scarborough Corporation, who are financing the Whitsun Chess Congress in that delectable town. Dr. Alekhin, his blushing honours thick upon him, will be there to give simultaneous "displays," and to play consultation games, and the Premier Tournament promises to be a sporting affair, among the contestants being Thomas, Winter, and Colle.

Capablanca's "missed chance" (see I.L.N. of March 10) has been the subject of lively discussion between the *British Chess Magazine* and *La Revue Suisse*; and we think our Swiss contemporary can claim to have established its contention that the ex-champion might have won after his 36th move as actually made, as well as by QR×P, the alternative suggested by Dr. Tartakower. What Señor Capablanca thinks about the "inquest" does not appear, but it is quite probable the lapse was due to mental fatigue, and a momentary failure of the "will to win," as he must have envisaged, when playing 36. KR×P, some such continuation as that given by the Swiss analysts.

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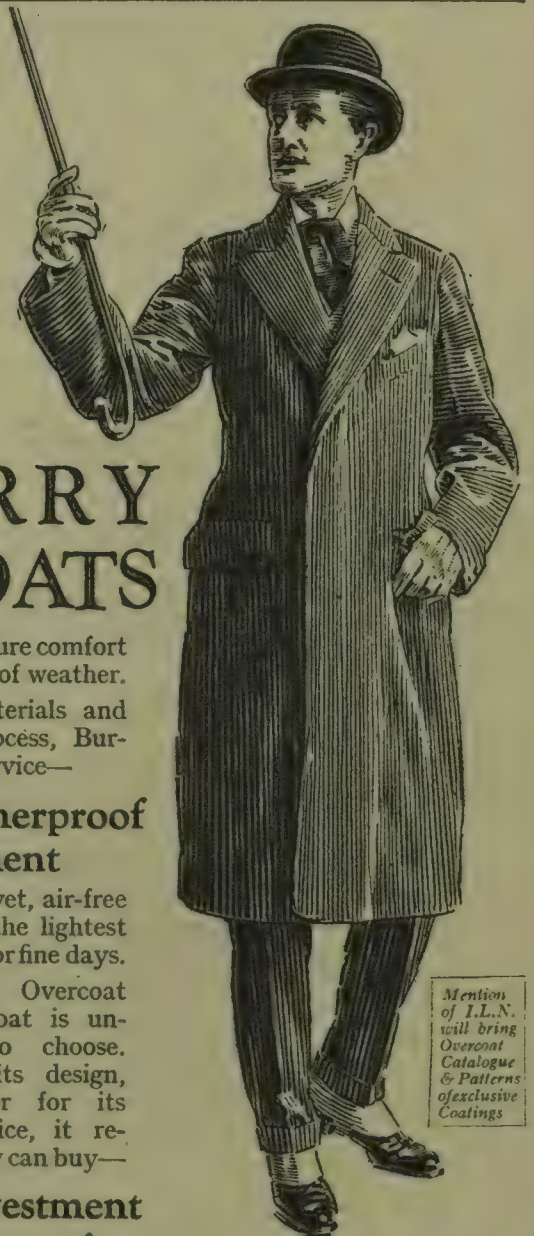
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

THREE, FOUR, OR SIX SPEEDS?—
THE DOUBLE-GEARED VOISIN.

THE motoring topic which I think will prove to be immortal is the question of the number of speeds necessary for comfort or utility in the average touring car. For years we have listened to hotly expressed views from three-speed and four-speed enthusiasts, and have noticed their views change as the number of cylinders increases. I think we are as far off as ever from anything remotely approaching agreement on this point, either by the people who buy the cars or by the people who make them. Consider the twelve-cylinder Daimler, which has a brake horse-power of about 160, and is fitted with four speeds, and the dozens of 10- and 12-h.p. four-cylinder cars which are only given three; and then try to find a definite tendency in design. I do not see how you can succeed.

Conflicting
Evidence.

With such conflicting views one is tempted to the conclusion that there is very little in it—

that it does not matter very much from the strictly utilitarian point of view whether you have three or four gears, four, six or eight cylinders—or even twelve. I have driven cars of all sorts, from the most enormous to the very smallest, and one of the sixes had two speeds, others three, and some four; and some of the eights four and some three; and



A NEW CROSSLEY JUST PLACED ON THE MARKET: THE 157-H.P. "SHELSELY" MODEL FABRIC SALOON.

For the time being, Crossley Motors, Ltd., are concentrating on one type of body, an attractive fabric saloon with complete equipment—the smaller "six" here illustrated. The 20·9-h.p. Crossley is still, of course, continued. These two models are designed to meet the great demand for high-grade six-cylinder cars at moderate prices.

most of the four-cylinders three, and one two-cylinder four. I know very well what I prefer myself, and that is, regardless of the number of cylinders, a four-speed gear-box geared rather on the high side. Still, I regard with sympathy all the interesting variations on this interminable theme performed by the makers of the world.

The Six-Speed
Voisin.

The very latest variation of which I have had experience is the new Voisin three-six-speed six-cylinder 16-h.p. chassis. This is an interesting car in which six speeds are provided in a three-speed gear-box by enabling the driver, through ingenious but simple mechanism, to change the back-axle ratio as and when he wishes to. Curiously enough, the Voisin cars have made their big reputation on three-speed gear-boxes, the small 10-h.p. being one of the best arguments in favour of this design. To increase your available speeds from three to six is an almost ostentatious throwing-overboard of fundamental principles.

Good
Workmanship.

Principles apart, the result is certainly fascinating. The engine and the rest of the chassis have not been altered in any way from the preceding model. The 16·50-h.p. sleeve-valve engine has a bore and stroke of 67 by 110, which gives a cubic capacity of between 2½ and 2¾ litres. It is a very fine piece of work, the design and general arrangement of things being extremely workmanlike. Ignition is, as usual, by coil and battery, and the carburetter is fitted with a very large air filter. The main thing that strikes you when you examine the chassis is the immense staunchness of everything. It is a car which has obviously been designed to sustain the hardest kind of work on the worst of Continental roads. There is nothing clumsy or ponderous about it, but, judging from the size of things, the margin of strength must be immense.

A Profusion
of Gears.

The gear-box in the ordinary way has the following ratios: for light cars, 4·7 to 1 on top; for general use, 5 to 1 on top; for heavy closed cars, 5·4 to 1. In the car I drove, which was fitted with a light Weymann saloon, the ratios were 4·7 to 1, 7·8 to 1, and 14 to 1. Using the change-over to the alternative

[Continued overleaf.]



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(Continued.)

back-axle ratio (which is called the compound relay); I found myself driving a car with the following gear ratios: sixth, 4.7 to 1; fifth, 6.7 to 1; fourth, 7.8 to 1; third, 11.4 to 1; second, 14 to 1; and bottom, 21.3 to 1.

This array of figures reads, I have no doubt, like an attempted definition of the infinite, yet it is necessary to put it in, in order to give readers an idea of what delightful driving this remarkable invention provides. The start is made on second gear, with the lower back-axle ratio engaged.

How It Works.

It is controlled by a small thumb-lever set on the dash in a convenient position. As soon as the car moves away you slip into top gear, leaving the low back-axle ratio in engagement. This, the low third, which has a ratio of 6.8 to 1, is the one on which practically all traffic driving is done, and, surprisingly enough, the great proportion of serious hill-climbing. It is really delightful in use, as, although it is, compara-



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tively speaking, a low gear, it is not low enough to raise the engine revolutions high enough to be disagreeable, and you find no objection in sticking to it for long periods at a time. On this gear, naturally enough, the acceleration is of the spectacular kind, and the driver who likes quick get-aways will appreciate the manner in which he can push the speed indicator needle from 30 to 60, pressing down the relay compound lever at the psychological moment.

As I said, in effect this gear transforms the car into a six-gear machine, and it may be urged that for use in this country the two lower ratios are superfluous, especially as the concessionaires claim that a hill like Pebblecombe, on the east side of Boxhill, which has a gradient of

1 in 6, can comfortably be taken on the low third. Obviously this view is sound, but at the same time there is an extraordinarily comforting feeling in the knowledge that you have this array of hill-climbing gears behind you. It is not, of course, really a six-gear car, as there are only three possible positions for the gear lever, and, when the change over is made from the high to the low back-axle ratio, there is only a very slight additional noise of gear wheels.

Altogether a thoroughly interesting production. Regarded as a plain motor car, it is one of the most attractive I have tried this year. It is fast and lively, and particularly comfortable and safe to drive. With the special gearing it becomes a really remarkable car. What I hope now is that the designer will give us a similar car with a two-speed gear-box fitted with the new gearing. That would, I think, be almost an ideal light car for this country.

JOHN PRIOLEAU.



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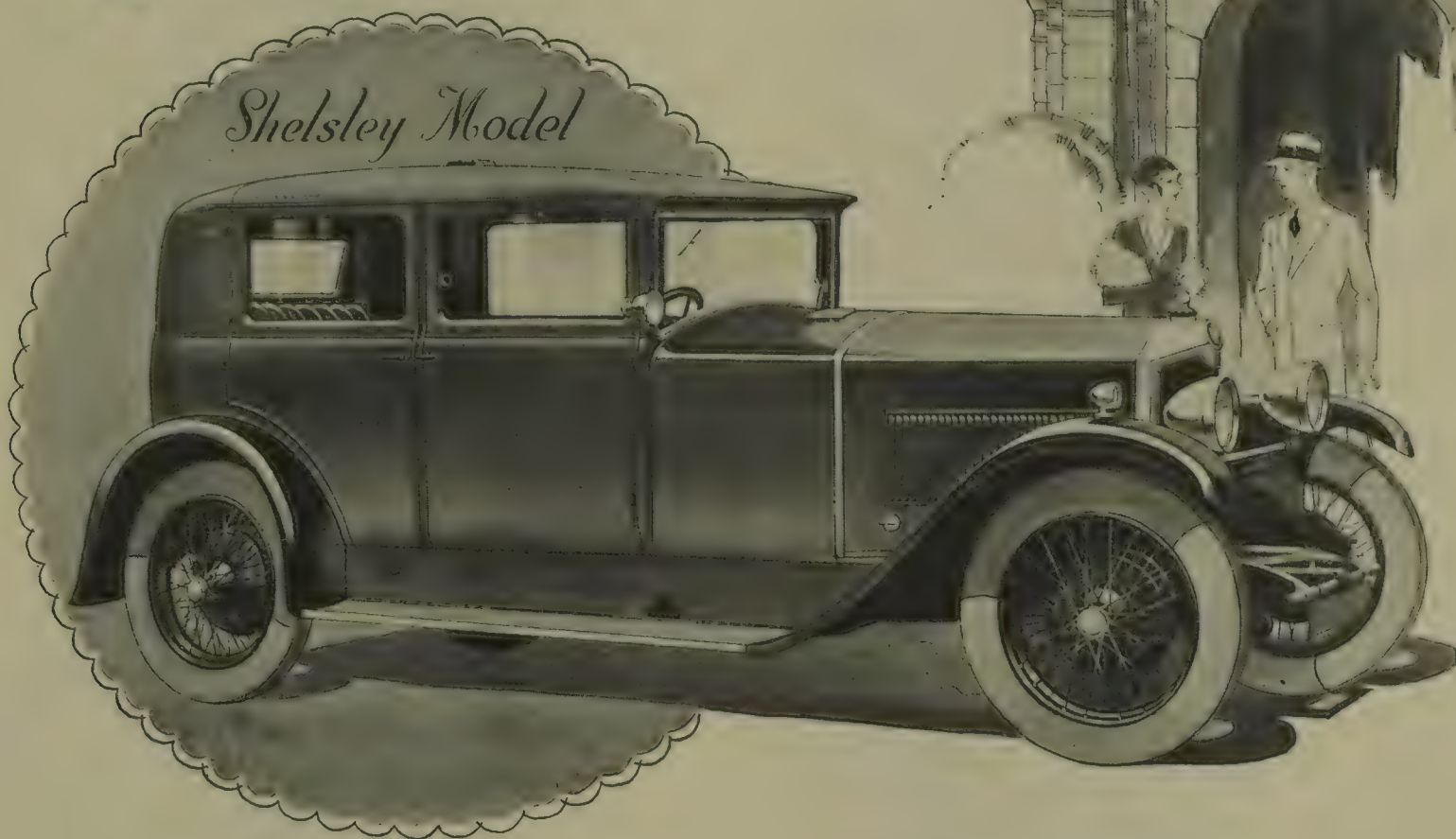


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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"MUD AND TREACLE." AT THE GLOBE.

THE opening tableau of Mr. Benn W. Levy's new play, "Mud and Treacle," shows us a beautiful girl, identifiable as Miss Tallulah Bankhead, lying strangled across a sofa; this is Polly Andrews, whose history, by a jump backwards, the author proceeds to tell. When the play is over and the strangling has been done before his eyes, the playgoer, recalling that tableau, is inclined to wonder whether it was not a trick to persuade him to regard as inevitable what, on reflection, he is inclined to think far from so, despite a good deal of rhetoric. Do all men kill the thing they love? We know that Wilde's saying is only true of madmen or the temporarily crazed. Polly, whom we meet in country house surroundings, is the despair of her mother because she has been a flirt from childhood upwards; any man would serve, even a gardener. She is engaged, but distracts her fiancé, a hunting man; she drives to tears an unhappily married stockbroker; and she throws herself at the head of a former flame, Soloman, now turned Socialist, who brings in tow to her home a Bolshevik miner and lets him hurl harangues at the house party. The bourgeois Socialist professes to have no use for love—it lands you, he says, in either "mud or treacle"; but Polly, resolved to stir him up, confesses, obviously falsely, that she has been the stockbroker's mistress. Soloman at length falls in love, and murders the girl in a supposed frenzy of disgust. Miss Bankhead makes a full-blooded heroine; Mr. Nicholas Hannen does the murder grimly; Mr. Robert Harris handles some difficult emotional scenes well; Miss Mabel Terry Lewis plays an "old-fashioned" mother with spirit; and there are parts for Mr. Eric Maturin, Mr. Ivor Barnard, and Miss Ursula Jeans. Mr. Levy has done clever things before now; does he seriously accept the thesis advanced in his title?

"THE HOUSE OF THE ARROW." AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

If there is a past-master in the art of detective fiction it is surely Mr. A. E. W. Mason; he puts

thought as well as superb craftsmanship into his work, and is as careful to avoid loose ends as he is to shun cheap devices. But Mason novels have not always adapted themselves well to the stage; fortunately, this is not the case with "The House of the Arrow." An absorbing story to read, it makes a most exciting play to watch. From his first appearance you are fascinated by every move of the restless, cynical, and sharp-witted detective, Hanaud, and almost to the end you are puzzled as to which of the two heroines is responsible for the murder. That Mr. Mason should have achieved successes in two mediums with the same theme is no small feather in his cap. Mr. Dennis Eadie gives the detective a dry manner, methods that seem almost finicking in their carefulness, and with these a cat-like capacity for pouncing on overlooked details; his is an admirable piece of characterisation. Miss Phyllis Titmuss as the more pathetic and Miss Valerie Taylor as the more flamboyant heroine both act very effectively, though Miss Taylor, with her ethereal air, hardly looks the Betty Harlowe of the author's conception.

"FOUR PEOPLE." AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

Twenty years ago we used to talk of the triangular situation; the modern stage gives us more often the quadrangle of sex, and of this formula we obtain an example in Mr. Miles Malleeson's "Four People." That the love of three of the play's quartet should be irregular is to be expected of Mr. Malleeson; he is nothing if not up to date. One of them is Evelyn Stafford, an irresolute type, for long in love with a married man, and as long unable to bring herself to join him in a union which is never likely to be marriage because his wife is of too strict a sort ever to agree to divorce. The man is so strange a lover that on one and the same day he addresses a final appeal to Evelyn and arranges to elope with the girl she is chaperoning, forward and reckless Jill Chitterden. But Jill in her turn has two "beau's" to her string, for she has struck up a Platonic friendship with a delightfully boyish young professor of science who is really fond of her; and of all the loves his is the most convincing. We may not be sure that Mr. Malleeson produces his

tangle quite legitimately, but when once he has got it working he handles it in an interesting way and unravels it ingeniously. The drama begins when the older woman wakes up to the fact that her hold on her lover is threatened; and, with an actress of Miss Laura Cowie's charm and accomplishment to play the part, we are ready to allow that an immature girl was bound to lose in a tussle with a combative Evelyn. Not that Miss Marjorie Mars fails to put up a good fight for youthful vivacity; the playwright, indeed, is admirably served by his interpreters. Mr. Leon Quartermaine has the poorest rôle; more lucky than he, Mr. Raymond Massey as the boy scientist gives a refreshingly buoyant performance.

"THE BARKER." AT THE PLAYHOUSE.

A "barker" is a man who stands outside a circus advertising its merits. The American play of this name by Kenyon Nicholson hardly needs a "barker" to attract audiences; every playgoer who likes rough, breezy melodrama with a circus setting will act in this capacity and make it known to his neighbours. Its leading figure, Nifty Miller, the showman, is no saint. He drinks and is harsh with the women of his troupe; he has lived for years with Carrie the dancer as his mistress; he has only one decent ambition—to make a lawyer of his beloved son, Chris. But Chris visits the show, and Carrie, thrown over by Chris's father in a moment of reformation, gets even with the showman by putting the boy in the way of fascinating Lou, a snake-charmer, whom, to the old man's horror, Chris marries. Reformation is the note of this simple play. Lou the wanton turns virtuous wife, and helps on her young husband's career; while the showman, in his turn, becomes reconciled to the woman who has caused his troubles. Crude stuff, perhaps, but with a tang about it and some first-class acting. The best of all comes from Miss Claudette Colbert, an actress with magnetism in every inch of her, so that she makes a real live thing of Lou; but the play owes a great deal also to the robust work of Mr. James Kirkwood and Miss Frances Carson.



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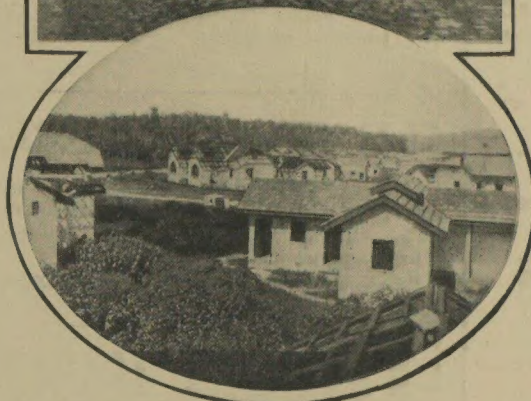
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